HUSTLER'S BIGGEST STARS: STORMY DANIELS, ROMI RAIN & ABELLA DANGER



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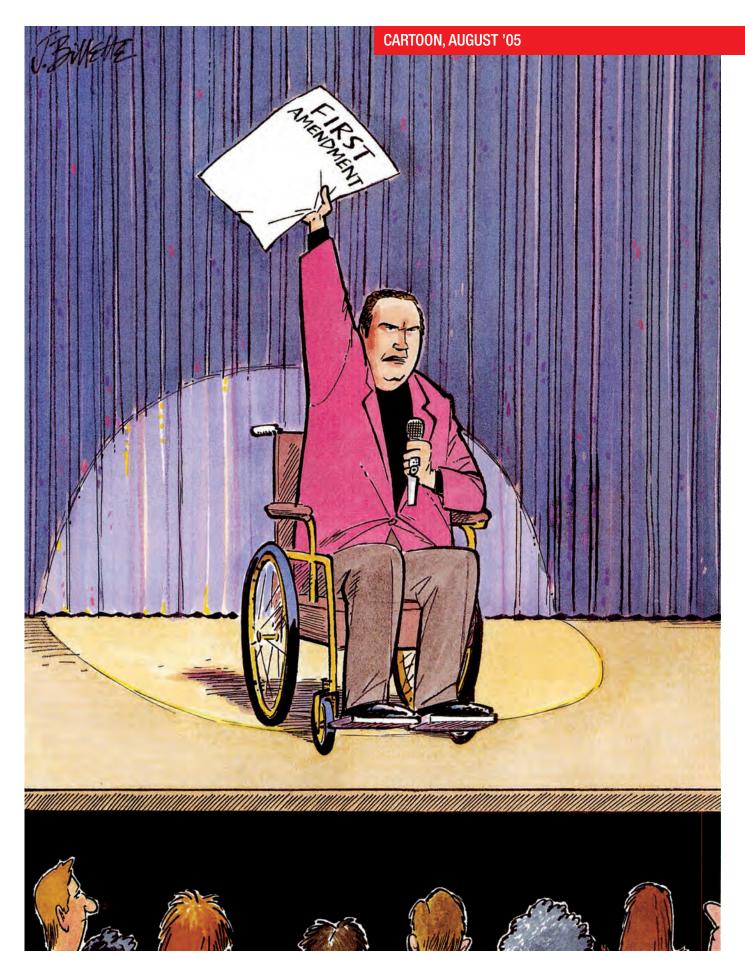


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"...from my cold, dead hands!"

HUSTLER

VOLUME 45 NUMBER 4

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A HEMP REVIVAL IS ON THE HORIZON

his may sound like a joke, but top Senate Republican Mitch Mc-Connell is pushing for the federal legalization of hemp. He was enlightened by his farmer constituents in Kentucky. Hurt by the downturn in the tobacco market, they see salvation in hemp, a crop already legalized in several states and Canada.

No wonder. Industrial hemp is the single most versatile plant on Earth, used for everything from clothing, paper, fiberboard, insulation, fuel and food to toxic cleanup. Hemp requires considerably less water than cotton and virtually no toxic herbicides and pesticides. And there's not enough THC in it to get anyone high. How this most beneficial crop was outlawed in the 1930s—by collusion between Republican Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon, Bureau of Narcotics chief Harry Anslinger and the petrochemical and timber interests who feared hemp as a competitive product—is an object lesson on government corruption by big business. Forget all the antigovernment rhetoric by corporate interests—they love Uncle Sam when he can be arm-twisted into stifling competition.

If McConnell's enthusiasm for hemp legalization is not shocking enough, consider this: Former Republican Speaker of the House John Boehner has joined the board of a company that cultivates, processes and dispenses cannabis in 11 states! "I'm joining the board of #AcreageHoldings," tweeted Boehner, "because my thinking on cannabis has evolved. I'm convinced descheduling the drug is needed so we can do research, help our veterans and reverse the opioid epidemic ravaging our communities."

Well, better late than never. Of course, while Boehner was in power, he claimed to be "unalterably opposed" to pot legalization. Why is he

jumping on the bandwagon now? Because it's safer to do so now that several states have legalized both medicinal and recreational marijuana. Conservatives are always two steps behind on any kind of forward-thinking progress. And perhaps the most important reason: McConnell and Boehner are simply adhering to what should be the real motto of the GOP, money talks. There is big money being made in the pot business today.

But leave it to liberals to do something more significant and farreaching. Senators Cory Booker, Bernie Sanders and Kirsten Gillibrand have been advocating for the revolutionary Marijuana Justice Act, which would remove pot from the Controlled Substances Act, thus deterring Jeff Sessions from interfering in states where legalization has passed. The act would also withhold federal funding for states that continue criminalization and even expunge convictions for pot possession. As Bernie tweeted, "We are spending \$80 billion locking people up. Think about what it would mean if we invested that money in our people instead of more jails."

After nearly a century of corrupt and vicious cannabis policies that have damaged our environment and industry while ruining many people's lives, it appears that sanity, at long last, is finally prevailing.

Lang J. Lynn

Larry Flynt Publisher



"And y'all need to congratulate the President. He has single-handedly made the U.S. a reality TV show for the rest of the world."

TRUMP'S A SURVIVOR

DEMOCRATS, BE WARNED: THE PRESIDENT'S RECENT "BETTER" BEHAVIOR AND TAX CUTS JUST MIGHT BUY HIM FOUR MORE YEARS.

ever underestimate Donald Trump. The man has a sixth sense when it comes to his survival in the business and political worlds. Throughout his life, no matter the evidence to the contrary, he has been able to turn the reality of abject failure into a widely accepted image of great success.

It's also true that Trump's personal buffoonery and passion for distorting fact and logic have provided a disarming camouflage for his killer instinct to devise a winning strategy. That's definitely true now, when he is attempting to minimize expected GOP losses in this fall's Congressional races with an eye toward being elected to a second term in 2020.

The President's apparent ulterior motive is what scares me. Odd as it may sound, I believe that Trump has been in, for him at least, his best-behavior mold. Although he continues to unleash vulgar outbursts, for the most part he has suppressed his nastiest impulses. His dubious election victory and obvious lack of preparation for the world's most demanding job have resulted in stringent media coverage and suspicion even within his own party ranks. But what's really scary is, the validation of being reelected might release his true inner beast.

Why do I think this hugely unpopular and divisive President might be rewarded with a second term? It's because his opponents have set off too many alarm bells, systematically exaggerating the considerable mistakes of his administration's policies. Meanwhile his foes have belittled the President's success in pushing the traditional Republican agenda of tax breaks for the rich while starving needed social welfare programs.

In foreign policy most of the mainstream media has bought into the line of the Democrats, whose 2016 Presidential campaign was deeply marred. Democrats still insist that Hillary Clinton's astonishing loss was the result of Russian meddling in the election and that Trump is accurately defined as a puppet of Russian leader Vladimir Putin. That was always an easy one for Trump to hit out of the park. He simply dug up the neocons' Cold War calling card, reviving the Red Scare—without Reds! It didn't matter to our President that Putin is the champion of crony capitalism in Russia and that his only serious opposition comes from the remnants of the once-powerful Communist Party, whose candidates he has soundly thrashed in every election.

Russia got nothing from its supposed interference in the 2016 election except crippling U.S. economic sanctions. Faring much better is the one foreign power that has consistently and effectively gamed our country's political system. Israel has had a totally requited love affair with Donald Trump. During the run-up to the 2016 campaign it was

none other than Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu who appeared before Congress to trash outgoing President Barack Obama for his courageous deal with Iran to end that country's nuclear-weapons program.

Not only has Trump, as candidate and President, echoed that line, but he has also enthusiastically accepted Israel's view that Iran is the great threat to U.S. security while embracing Iran's archrival Saudi Arabia. The latter supplied valid travel documents to 15 of the hijackers who crashed three American passenger planes into the World Trade Center and Pentagon on 9/11. No such attack has come from Iran.

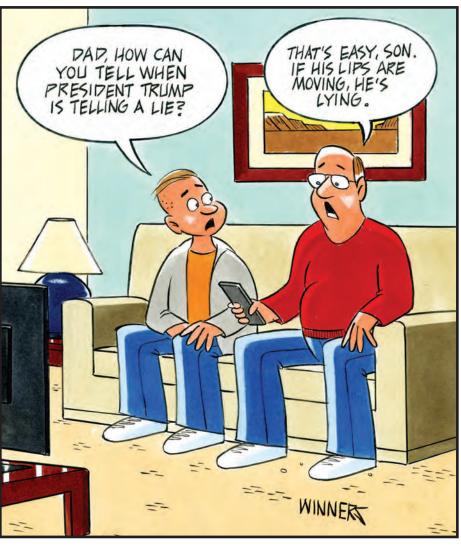
Of course, no leading Democrat and few in the media have ever questioned Israeli influence in our elections. Instead, they can now celebrate Trump for being the first President to authorize moving the U.S. Embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and thereby recognize the permanence of Israel's occupation of Palestine.

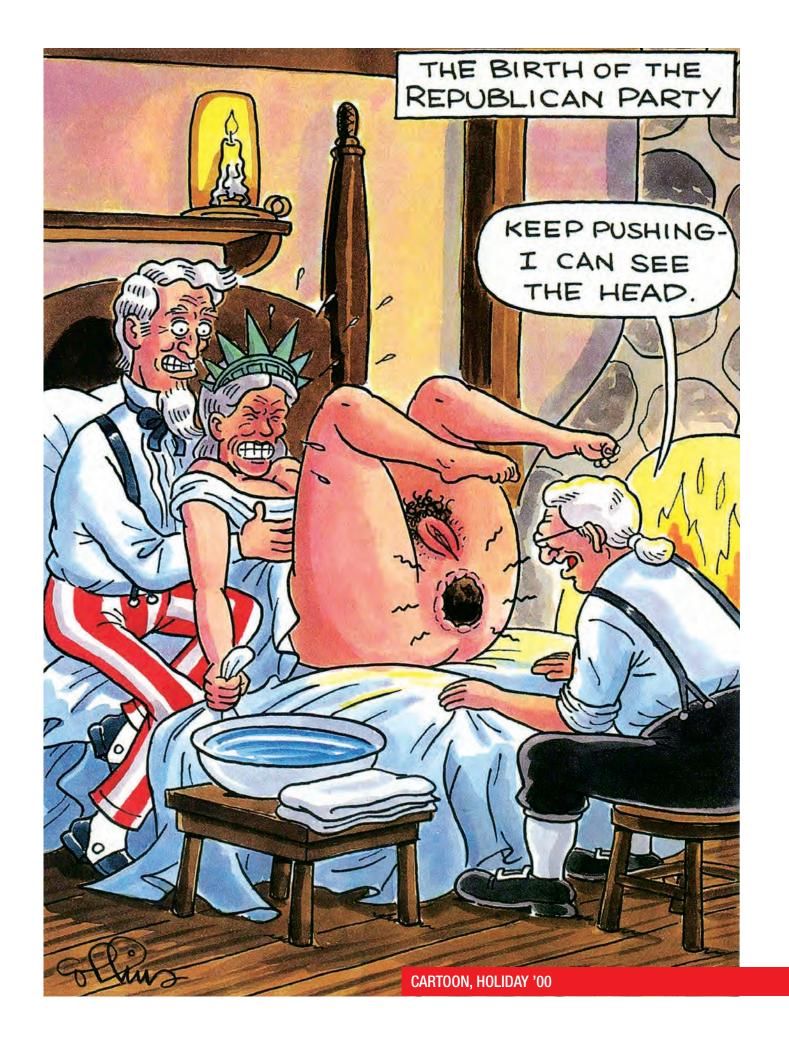
In any case, American elections tend to be decided primarily on the basis of domestic economic issues. As one of President Bill Clinton's strategists famously declared, "It's the economy, stupid," and this has been Trump's strong suit.

During his first year in the White House he pulled off an incredible victory by giving the superrich a sizable tax cut. Although in the long run this decision will prove to be a disaster for many, in the short run it has strengthened the stock market and rejuvenated a stagnant economy.

That workers' taxes were slightly reduced as well could be very costly in the future too, as Trump's budget cuts may cause us to ignore our ever-growing income inequality and the deterioration of infrastructure. But by then, Trump might be deep into his second term and irresponsibly carefree enough to continue wreaking havoc on the world.

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.





SHELL GAME

THE BIGGEST OIL COMPANIES KNEW WHAT WAS CAUSING GLOBAL WARMING DECADES AGO, BUT PROFITS TRUMPED HUMANITY.

n the 1944 film noir thriller *Gaslight*, Charles Boyer's character psychologically abuses his wife until she's forced to question her sanity. The much younger woman (portrayed by Ingrid Bergman) has no inkling she married a killer who's manipulating her into believing that actual incidents—hearing footsteps in the attic, gaslights flickering—are merely figments of her imagination.

Reversing that ploy, the fossil fuel industry has long been "gaslighting" the public into believing that a real global phenomenon isn't real at all. But our planet *is* ominously warming, and it's due to the accumulation of greenhouse gases primarily generated by automotive emissions and the burning of coal.

Exxon's prolonged gaslighting was confirmed in 2015. According to internal documents unearthed by the Pulitzer Prize-winning *InsideClimate News*, the oil titan's inner circle knew, for decades, that the normal, everyday use of its gasoline was pushing the planet toward a proverbial meltdown. Memos going back to at least the 1970s document how Exxon's own scientists warned high-ranking executives that carbon dioxide produced as a biproduct of burning fossil fuels was causing Earth's climate to warm appreciably. Humanity itself, along with the company's assets and long-term future profits, would soon be threatened.

Setting aside concerns about the survival of humanity, Exxon chose to prioritize its bottom line. Besides burying the evidence, the company funded "outside" advocacy groups to lie about and dismiss the dangers posed by man-made climate change.

Exxon spent millions to confuse the public by characterizing growing mountains of science detailing climate change as little more than a hoax. Its goal was to dissuade lawmakers from adopting legislation or regulations that might curb the use of petroleum products by limiting the amount of greenhouse gases released into the atmosphere. All so that Exxon could continue to refine and sell gasoline that was polluting the environment—while the company reaped record profits at the expense of human civilization itself.

Since those revelations, we have also learned that Mobil's executives were aware of the harm caused by its products. A video recently unearthed by Climate Progress depicts then-Mobil CEO Lucio Noto at a 1998 presentation to employees. He acknowledged that "climate change associated with the buildup of greenhouse gases" could "potentially be a big issue," with catastrophic consequences to humanity and, of course, his company.

Exxon knew, and so did Mobil, as Noto admitted only a year before the firms' behemoth 1999 merger. It created ExxonMobil, the biggest

and most profitable oil and gas company in history.

And now you'll be shocked to learn that another petroleum leviathan felt threatened by global warming. Royal Dutch Shell, whose U.S. subsidiary is the Shell Oil Company, was well aware of the risks posed by the burning of fossil fuels 60 years ago!

Making that recent discovery was the Center for International Environmental Law (CIEL), which analyzed internal documents dug up by Dutch journalist Jelmer Mommers. They reveal that "the global oil giant understood and acted on climate science while publicly sowing doubt as to its validity and fighting its regulation."

The analysis "details a troubling pattern in Shell's behavior: making declarations about the dangers of climate change while working with other companies to oppose climate action, including by spreading misinformation, then leaving after the damage has already been done." As long ago as 1958, CIEL discovered, Shell knew about the dangerous consequences of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere caused by the burning of fossil fuels.

I spoke with CIEL's President Carroll Muffett. He told me that the treasure trove of Shell documents that CIEL examined include a report "on research that the [petroleum] industry was funding into a variety of air pollutants" back in the 1950s.

"Even in 1958 one of those air pollutants was

the pollution of the atmosphere by carbon from fossil sources," Muffett said. "By 1962 we can demonstrate that Shell's chief geologist was very explicitly acknowledging the links between Shell's products and carbon dioxide from fossil fuels and the potential for global warming. So much so that this scientist even highlighted the recommendations of other scientists that the switch to solar energy should begin as soon as possible."

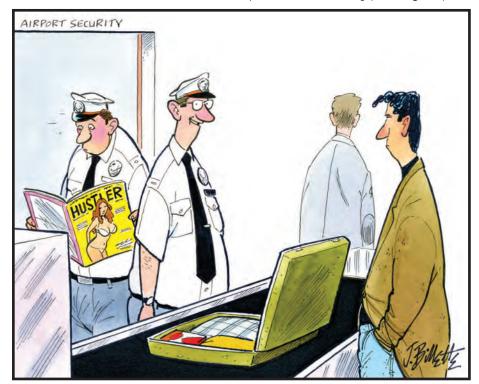
So Exxon knew, Mobil knew, and now we know that Shell knew too—long before HUSTLER Magazine, which continues to publish what others are afraid to, was even a glint in Larry Flynt's eye.

Yet here we are, in 2018, living on an endangered planet. Local heat records are being shattered as Earth's average global temperatures rise almost every single year. Intensified storms, flooding, droughts and wildfires are wreaking everdeadlier havoc; and record-low ice at both poles is raising sea levels that threaten to swamp populated coastal areas worldwide.

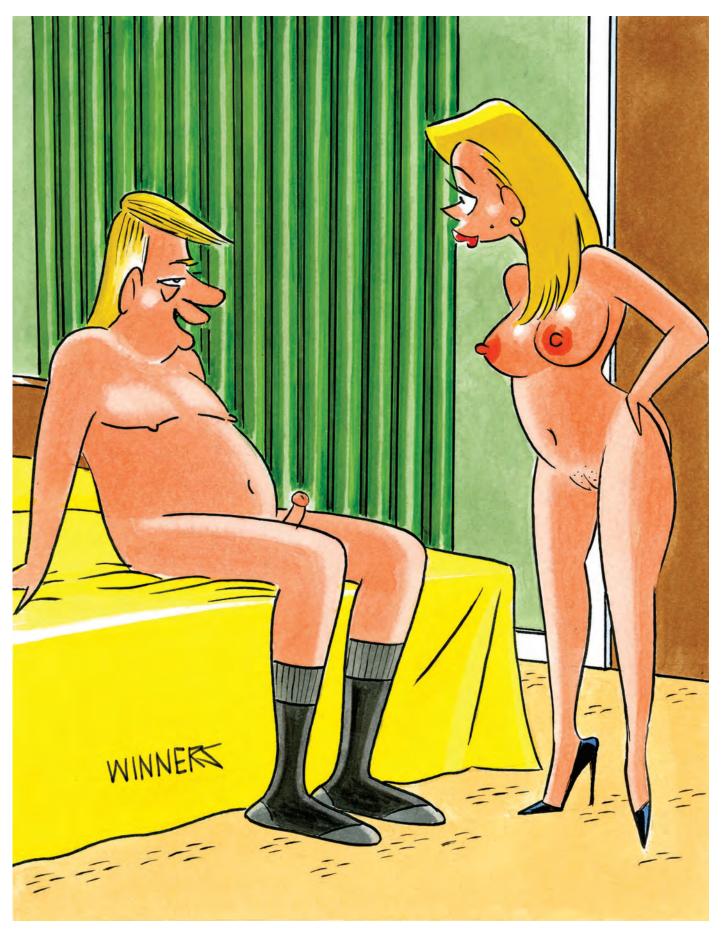
Meanwhile our President and his cabinet members from the coal-slurry-filled lobbyist lagoons are reversing modest regulations meant to stave off the worst impacts of climate change. Like the lab rats of their filthy corporate benefactors, Trump and his "brain trust" are swamp-dwelling deniers who attack climate science as little more than a hoax.

At this point who is gaslighting whom?

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"We had to confiscate your HUSTLER Magazine, sir. It could be rolled up and used to threaten a pilot or flight attendant."



"I have a daughter about your age. It's amazing how much you look like her, standing there naked!"

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

f all of Robert Mueller's digging and indictments haven't done much to budge our Blowhard in Chief from his prime-time spot in the White House, the raid of Trump's legaleagle fixer, Michael Cohen, has to have him sweating bullets. The worst disaster for any don or mogul on the shady side of the law is this: his consigliere—the man who knows where all the bodies are buried and how and why they got there—rolling over to provide state's evidence.

In April the FBI raided Michael Cohen's office, home and hotel room, seizing, among other files, confidential documents related to the \$130,000 payoff to porn star Stormy Daniels, who allegedly had a brief affair with the Donald in 2006.

True to character, Trump denied having anything to do with Stormy or her big payday, and Michael Cohen claimed that he paid her out of his own pocket and never received reimbursement from the Trump Organization or campaign. He just did it out of dog-like loyalty to his boss and the goodness of his great big, generous heart, the kind of altruism that lawyers

100 grand, why, he's almost the Mother Teresa of corporate attorneys!

as a breed are so famous for. Giving away over

Except Cohen is no Mother Teresa, and the whole shaky story is riddled with holes: If Trump didn't fuck around with Stormy, then why the apparent hush money, delivered in the final stretch of the 2016 election campaign? No, this episode was yet another fix-it job by Trump's "pit bull," a role that Cohen gleefully acknowledges with statements like these: "I will do anything to protect Mr. Trump," and "I'm the guy who would take a bullet for the President." But the question now is, will Cohen take the whole barrage of bullets aimed his way by the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York? Possible charges include bank fraud, wire fraud and violating campaign finance laws.

Cohen confesses that he grew up idolizing Donald Trump, whose book *The Art of the Deal* was his bible. He began working for his hero in 2006, eventually rising to become executive VP of the Trump Organization, copresident of Trump Entertainment and a board member of the Eric Trump Foundation. All this is the official resumé, but that's only half the story.

"He took care of a lot of things for Mr. Trump without Mr. Trump knowing about it," says long-time friend David Schwartz. "He's the guy that you could call at three in the morning when you have a problem and you need something taken care of." In a 2011 interview with ABC News, Cohen bragged, "If somebody does something

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MICHAEL COHEN

Mr. Trump doesn't like, I do everything in my power to resolve it to Mr. Trump's benefit. If you do something wrong, I'm going to come at you, grab you by the neck, and I'm not going to let you go until I'm finished."

Cohen has almost made a whole career out of being an adultery fixer. In addition to the money paid to Stormy Daniels, he arranged a \$150,000 payoff to Karen McDougal to seal her lips about an extramarital affair with Trump and a whopping \$1.6-million payoff to a *Playboy* Playmate who was impregnated by a prominent Republican fund-raiser.

In 2015, after *The Daily Beast* inquired about rape allegations by Ivana, Trump's former wife, the pit bull growled and barked this, "I'm warning you, tread very fucking lightly, because what I'm going to do to you is going to be fucking disgusting. You understand me?" Cohen even asserted that Ivana's rape charge (later recanted) was a nonstarter, because "you cannot rape your spouse. There's very clear case law." It's a wonder that Mikey passed the bar, because marital rape has been illegal in the state of New York since 1984!

But back to the center ring of this circus: The infamous Trump-Russia dossier published in 2017 alleges that Cohen traveled to Prague in 2016 to deliver another hush-hush payoff—to Russian operatives who had hacked the DNC servers and obtained Hillary Clinton's and John Podesta's emails. Cohen adamantly denies this allegation, claiming he's never been to Prague,

but according to a report by McClatchy news agency, Robert Mueller has evidence that Cohen entered Prague by train from Germany, a route that would not have required a Czech pass-

port stamp.

Undisputed is the January 2017 meeting
Cohen arranged in Manhattan
between Ukrainian lawmaker Andrey Artemenko and Felix Sater, a
shady Russian-born real estate developer, to discuss lifting sanctions
against Russia. Cohen then allegedly delivered their secret proposal
to disgraced former national security adviser Michael Flynn. All of this
points to an inescapable conclusion: If

Trump did collude with the Russians to slant the election in his favor, his go-to guy was Michael Cohen, and Robert Mueller just may have

him by the balls now. If so, it's possible he won't have to squeeze very hard.

According to multiple witnesses interviewed by *The New York Times*, Trump has treated his pit bull just like a mangy dog, and this abuse could very well come back to haunt him. "Donald goes out of his way to treat him like garbage," says Trump loyalist and Republican operative Roger Stone.

Another source, former Trump aide Sam Nunberg, says, "The President has also taken Michael for granted. Whenever anyone complains to me about Trump screwing them over, my reflexive response is that person has nothing to complain about compared to Michael."

Trump is famous for not having many close friends, and possibly the only person he hasn't screwed over in his life is his own mother. Which really doesn't give Cohen much of an incentive to clam up when Mueller and company finally shine the hot lights on him.

With Cohen treading hot water, Trump hired another pit bull to fend off the wolves—Rudy Giuliani, who may have let a leopard out of the bag by confessing on Fox News that Trump did, in fact, reimburse Cohen for the \$130,000 Stormy payoff. Just not with campaign money, says Rudy. All of which starkly paints Trump and Cohen as the serial liars they're known to be.

Now that all of these elephant turds have hit the chopper blades, the real question moving forward is, will a possible Democratic majority in the next Congress use all of this accumulated dirt to launch impeachment charges?

As for poor Michael Cohen, when your role model is one of the world's biggest Assholes, with no loyalty to anything beyond his own monstrous ego, it can't really be a surprise when you end up swimming for your life in the sewer.































USTLER: You're from Boston. What was it like growing up there?

ROMI RAIN: Cold. But I love the East Coast. I miss the people.

ROMI RAIN: Cold. But I love the East Coast. I miss the people. We always joke about East versus West, the weather versus people. I like really direct, blunt, crazy, fun people—I feel lucky to have been born and raised where I was. I grew up around drag queens and burlesque dancers, and I always knew, when I was younger, that being bisexual or gay was okay. So, yeah, I love Boston. I don't think I'd be single if I was in Boston. I kind of like the East Coast men a little better. Is that wrong to say?

As a man who was raised on the East Coast, I'll allow it.

I love entertainment and performing, but I don't know if I would necessarily want to be with a male model, somebody who looks in the mirror more than me. I want the mirror space.

What made you want to leave Boston?

In all honesty, I was the first person in my family to actually leave. East Coast people, mostly Boston and New York, they love being from where they're from. I don't have any siblings, so in a way, I was kind of lucky

not to have too many roots, that I could just pack up and leave. I wanted to explore. I wanted to see a little bit more of the world and the country and see what else I could get into. I knew I was bisexual at 13, and I loved to perform and dance. I'm like, "I want to see what's out there in this big, weird world." So two months after I turned 18, I moved to L.A. with...nobody. With no money, no friends, no nothing. But it was an experience, and I'm glad I did it. And I've never technically gone home except for visits, so I feel pretty cool in that it was brave when I look back on it.

I read in a previous interview that your mom posed for us.

Yeah. Not like *HUSTLER* HUSTLER, but *Busty Beauties*, and she did the Boob Cruise back in the day. But she didn't do porn. And she was on the fence about [me getting into the adult industry]. People are like, "Was she cool with it?" Yes and no. Of course she had her moments with it. But I'm an adult, and she likes that I've been making good decisions and I didn't just get in to screw around. I wanted to be successful and thought of professionally. So she's happy with that. You know, like if you're going to have a daughter in porn, have a daughter in porn with really good credentials.



If it's worth doing, it's worth doing well.

That's always what I've said. The stigma people tried to give me was, "Oh, if you do it—no one's ever going to forget you were in porn, no matter if you do one scene or 500." I'm like, I agree with you, so that means I better make this worth it. Make the juice worth the squeeze. Make it worth all this trouble. Like, yeah, I was in porn, but I was great in porn. I was on a lot of covers. They gave me awards for having sex. How weird is that? If you do whatever you do well, that's bragging rights. Because it's hard to be successful at anything. It's hard to be considered really good in your chosen field and to get recognition for it. So fucking work it.

You've approached your career very deliberately.

I thought about it. I did dancing to camming to nude modeling, solo to girl-girl, boy-girl...I did everything one at a time because I wanted to enjoy it. I wanted to see what was really going on and dip my toes in and see if this was something I could really be a part of. And I didn't want to say, "Porn destroyed me. It was porn's fault." I want bragging rights. I'm not ashamed of myself and what I do. I've decided every sex act I've done or haven't done. I really have been in the driver's seat

in my career, and that's important. I take a lot of pride in that, because that is hard.

Prior to entering the adult field, you had a lot of service-industry jobs.

Oh, God, service industry is hard, but it helps your work ethic. Because I didn't grow up with very much money. We were off and on poor. It was off and on free lunch. I know what government cheese tastes like. So I had a job at 14. I worked at Friendly's, East Coast chain.

I know Friendly's well.

Friendly's was awesome. Delicious. But I didn't like working there because I'd just scoop ice cream. It was the only thing they would let me do, being that young. And it hurts your hands—it's really cold—and people are mean when it comes to how they like their ice cream and shakes. It's weird, but they are. It was fine, but service like that, it wasn't really my cup of tea. People were nicer to me in the strip club. All right, weird fun fact. It's fucked up, but it's true: I've been more sexually harassed in my service-industry jobs as a teenager than I've ever been in the strip clubs. Isn't that weird? People try to grab your ass, or they touch you, or they're flirting with you all night long. At least in a >>

strip club or on a porn set, I can say, "Get the fuck away from me." I can slap somebody. I can walk away. But they actually really make you eat more shit if you're in service because the customer's always right and you're at people's mercy. I felt like I was able to be stronger and more powerful and self-assertive once I got into the adult industry. I feel like I'm less harassed in general. People talk shit online, but that's just online. It's nothing.

The notion of autonomy seems important to you—having your say in how things go on set.

I think that's really important. Some people say they don't care, but I don't believe that, and I don't think that's a good way to be. You should care who you work with and what you do and how you're presented, because it's your brand and your image. It is important to make sure you're taking care of yourself later, because everybody jokes now that scenes are great, but scenes don't pay the bills nowadays. You have to shoot for your own website and clips and do webcamming and OnlyFans and feature dancing and everything in between. To do everything properly, you have to have your head in the game. Saying you don't care is absolutely stupid.

You're bisexual. What are the benefits and drawbacks of being with men versus women?

They're different. I'm more attracted to women on a daily basis, but I'd rather be in a sexual relationship with a man. Maybe because it's L.A., and there are so many pretty girls everywhere—it's harder to find a lot of hot guys by comparison. I'm not into male models, so maybe that's why. Like the construction worker men of back East and the model girls of L.A.—if we could combine them both, that'd be great.

What's your sexual taste in your personal life?

I love threeways. My third adult relationship was a polyamorous one. They were a married couple, and I was the third. I was their girlfriend essentially, and we lived together for a year. I learned how those dynamics can work, and it can be a lot of fun. I think girls may be better kissers, but I have such an energy that my energy is better for a dude. I almost need the masculine energy to calm me down a little bit. But they're both fantastic. Men and women are on this earth together. We should appreciate them both.

Slow and tender or hot and intense?

I can go slow and soft sometimes, but it's not my preference. I'm more about intensity and passion.

Can you talk about your first lover?

I was 18, kind of late by what most people usually assume. It didn't happen until after I moved out here, and it was nice. He was a half-Asian boy, really sweet. There isn't too much to report because he was a virgin too. So it wasn't that great, but he was really nice. He liked anime and video games and introduced me to really good Japanese restaurants.

How the hell did two virgins meet in L.A.?

I know, right?







And you're not in a relationship currently?

No, not right now. That's why I get so much done. If you're going to be single, in the middle of an adult entertainment career is a good time to be single. At least that's what I tell myself. There have been so many months the past two years where I've been home a week out of the month. I might go to Florida for a week to shoot. I was in the U.K. for ten straight days last April. Feature dancing, I'm gone for two to five days. And then if I'm just shooting scenes, I could be gone 12 hours in the day. My schedule is so crazy, but so full. Again, it's milking the career for what it's worth. I want to make sure I'm doing everything that I need to do. You have a certain amount of time to really capitalize on all of this in the industry.

You've been active in helping new starlets. What motivates you to do that?

I wanted to start helping people by being honest, because I thought a lot of people weren't being very honest. When I was newer, I didn't get a lot of help. It always struck me as so strange why people want to act like anal prep is a secret. I'm like, "You want this girl to do a DP tomorrow, but you're not going to tell her how to properly stretch out and clean her butt? Come on, guys." And girls don't know. New girls are being handed a douche on set, and they don't know what to do with it. People like to joke about it. I've heard these funny stories of girls gargling with the douche water or not knowing how to use it or using an enema as douche or vice versa-putting a douche in their butt. I'm like, "Oh, girl, no." Some of these girls are brand-new, 18, 19. And as much respect as I have for some agents and some directors, it bothers me how little education there is for girls and anybody in general. I don't really want to be anybody's role model necessarily. But I always at least wanted to be a good example of an adult entertainer. Because we already get so much heat, and we're not all heroin addicts; we're not all assholes; we're not all trying to fight every chick we see. I want this industry to be as good as it can be. I want the new girl to have a clean vagina and a clean butthole so that when we do a scene together, it's awesome.

It's win-win.

That's exactly the way I look at it. I have been so open about, "Look, if you have any fucking questions, ask me. I'll tell you how to actually clean out your butt, what you should eat, what you shouldn't eat, I mean, just the basics."

Why do you think there's been a lack of that basic training in the industry?

I hate to say it—sometimes you're just thrown to the wolves. They want to see what's going to happen, because they don't know how long you're going to stick around. If I can use my position for good, that would be nice. Because it would've been even easier for me had I had some people tell me the truth and help me out back then. I don't think me being honest and helping out somebody else is going to hinder my success. I can be successful, and you can be successful too. Let's be successful together and make this industry better and something more brag-worthy, rather than looking all lost and scared.

The issue of bullying among performers has come up recently in light of August Ames' death and other unfortunate incidents.

It's hard, because that conversation goes so many ways. We do need

to stand together. We all have to mind our words and our P's and Q's. The word *bully* has been thrown around a lot, and there's ups and downs to that. Because there are people who I've seen use the word *bully* that I would consider a bully. That's why I think it's more about respect. Instead of all these fancy little words that you're doing this, you're doing that. No one's completely innocent. Everybody talks shit, especially on Twitter. Oh, my God, the amount of stuff that I see people saying to each other on Twitter, and then the next day they want to be, "We're in this together." It's like, "You gotta pick one. Because you just called her a cunt." So be honest. Be real. But we are all in this together, and there does need to be a mutual respect.

You've described yourself as a class clown growing up. Do you still maintain the joker personality?

Yeah. I have a dark sense of humor sometimes. I can make a joke out of pretty much any situation. Almost the worse it is, the funnier you can make it because it's just that dark, funny humor.

Have you ever played a joke on set?

Not really, because I know that if I pranked somebody, they would do something to me, and I just couldn't live in fear like that. I would be waiting for something to jump out at me forever.

When you're not filming or dancing, what are your activities?

Nowadays, being lazy is an awesome activity. I always joke with my fans—I will tweet sometimes, "What should I watch on Netflix?" And then they give me the rundown on stuff. I like to just unwind. If I can go home and Netflix and video-game—

Any particular favorite games?

More of the role-playing games, like the Final Fantasy games. And then fighting games, like SoulCalibur and Grand Theft Auto. Anything, especially online, because now you can play with people all around the world. And those are great fans to have because those guys are at their computers all day and all night. Those are the kind of porn fans you want, because they're on the computer; they're buying your merch. The geek culture is so cool nowadays. It wasn't this cool when I was a kid. They didn't think that wrestling and all this shit was as neat as it is now. Now, when I talk about it, it blows people's minds. Now you're not cool if you don't watch Marvel shows and have a PlayStation.

You have your own Fleshlight model. What's that process like? Did you model for it?

Yeah, they really do mold you. You have to put your legs behind your head, and they put this foamy plaster stuff on you. You have this blue or green plaster, and there's two dudes with gloves on kind of handling it. So it's not as sexy as it seems. But it's funny. It's business. They pop it off after like ten minutes, and it's the outline of your outer labia lips. They just pop that out and make the Fleshlight. You get to help name it. They named mine Storm. I'm the Storm Fleshlight. It was really cool. It's soft, and it's pretty legit.

What are your goals in the industry?

One of my big goals was to never feel like I was ever going to turn my back on the industry. I always wanted to build up to the point where I don't necessarily even have to leave my house to get checks coming >>>

in the mail. So between Fleshlight, my website, things like OnlyFans and ManyVids—and all these clip sites, I'm doing all of that from my home. It's getting to where I'm getting a borderline-comfortable amount of residuals. As long as I'm doing what I need to do from home, like my clips and going online every once in a while and uploading stuff, it's going to get to the point where I don't even necessarily need to go to sets. That's kind of my goal for the next two years, to be doing this more for myself—being in complete control of all of my scenes and work and using certain shooters and certain directors. And I'm getting much better with editing. I'm trying to be more hands-on in the next year to the point where, as much as I love sets and companies, I might not need to work for as many.

Do you see yourself working as a director or producer at some point?

I already feel like I have done some of that. I've done a bit of producing and directing, even if I haven't always gotten all the credit for it. I've definitely been the producer on many, many of my sets. I usually am picking my own wardrobe and getting that handled. I try to have a say in everything—not because I think I'm great but because I want it to be great. I'll be as involved as I need to be, so I look good, we look

good, it looks good. It matters to me. If the stuff that you put out there is quality, that's what you're going to be remembered for.

Legacy is extremely important.

Especially in this kind of industry, where you can crash and burn pretty easily. You can go from being Best New Starlet to two years later people don't even like you anymore because of your bad attitude. I've seen it happen.

Banned from the set.

If you aren't taking the time and building your own stuff, you're not going to have a lot to fall back on in a few years, once shooting for other people slows down. Because it's going to slow down no matter what, even if you are popular. If you're not shooting your own clips or making your own website or trying to build yourself, that's when I feel like some girls get a little bit more desperate, like, "Oh, I have to do this," "Oh, can I say no?" And you never want to be in that position. That's another reason why I try to be honest with girls—so you don't get locked in those positions of, "How do I pay rent? I guess I gotta do this scene that I don't really want to do, with this person I don't really want to work with, and it's not really my style." Never do that.



It's a lot of work, but at least I can say I haven't ever sucked a dick I didn't want to. I don't take jobs I don't want to take. There are certain sites I never worked for, never will work for. That's the great thing about social media—we have the capability nowadays to make ourselves into a bigger name. Five, ten years ago, you had to be a contract girl. Nowadays contracts are kind of silly—you're just not working for everybody else. You don't need one with social media and all these different sites you can get on by yourself. You can really create your name and build yourself up and have star power without needing somebody to back you and push you.

Have you envisioned a post-industry stage for yourself?

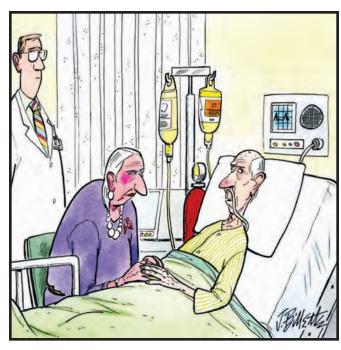
I don't know. I'll always be Romi Rain, to an extent, forever. I don't have any plans of ever denouncing the name or shutting it off. Even if I'm not shooting for myself in a few years, I'm still going to have Romi-Rain.com be active and alive. I think it's always going to be a part of me. I want to write a little more. I like to write. People have been saying I should write some of my autobiography, which would be interesting. And YouTube I've been trying to get a little bit more on because there's so much you can do with that. I completely believe that A leads to B leads to C. So as long as I keep doing stuff and keep doing more new

things, we'll see. I'm open and excited about the future.

Well, you're probably not going back to work at Friendly's.

Probably not. I mean, that would be neat to like buy a chain, right? Just to get in business. Franchise a bunch of Friendly's and Taco Bells.

Check out the 2018 XBIZ Performer of the Year on RomiRain.com, and join her 2.5 million followers on Instagram @RomiRain and Twitter @Romi_Rain. A special thanks to Evolve Pole + Erotic Dance Studio in Los Angeles, California, for the awesome shoot location!



"You've been a wonderful wife, Clara...still, I wish I had gotten a lot more strange pussy."



"Bob's into oral sex lately. He just likes to talk about it."

















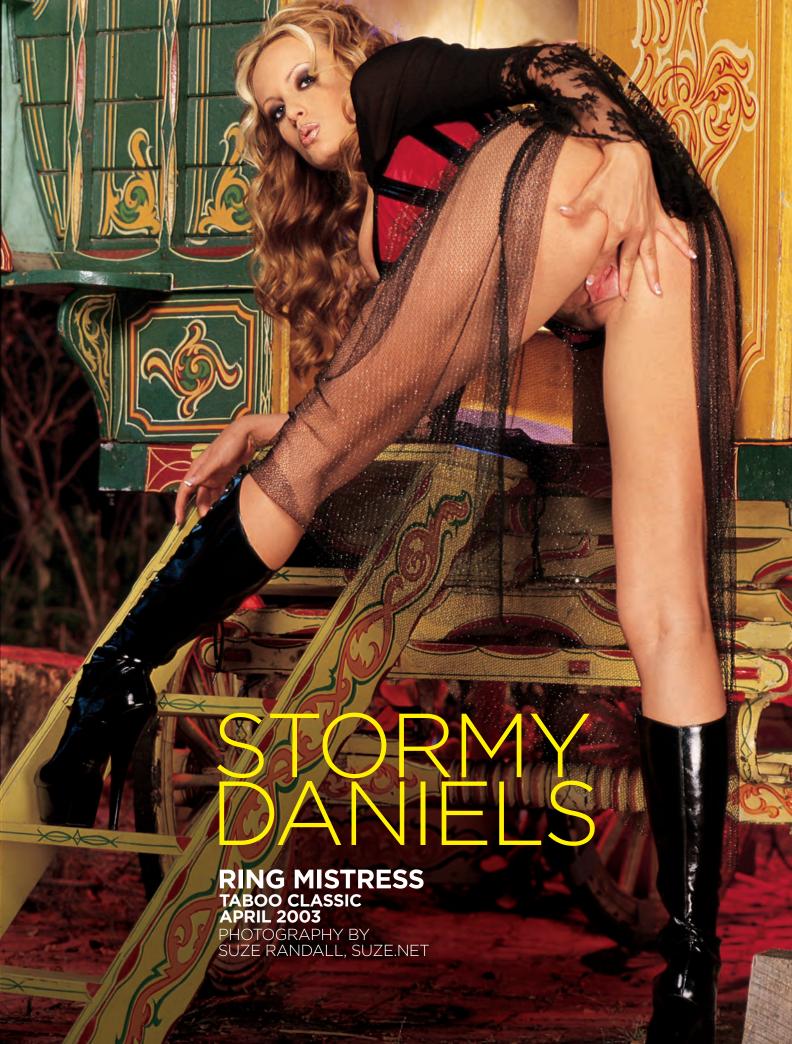






Every year around this time Wayne anxiously awaits the arrival of the HUSTLER Anniversary Issue.





















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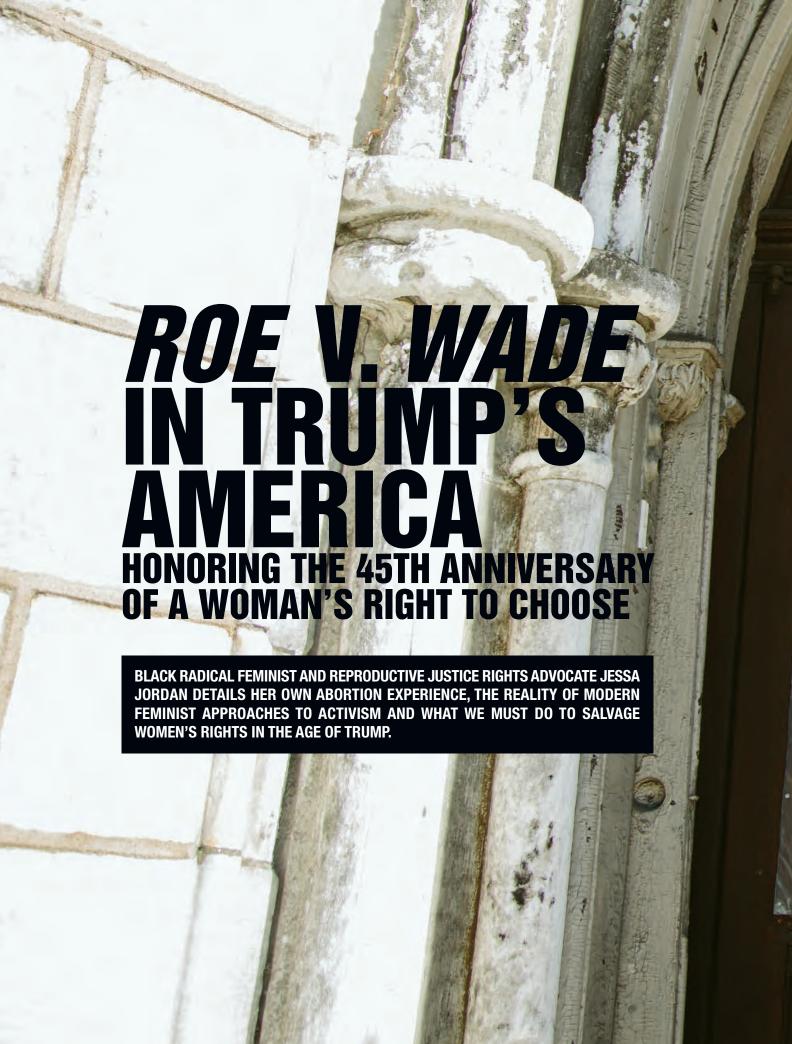
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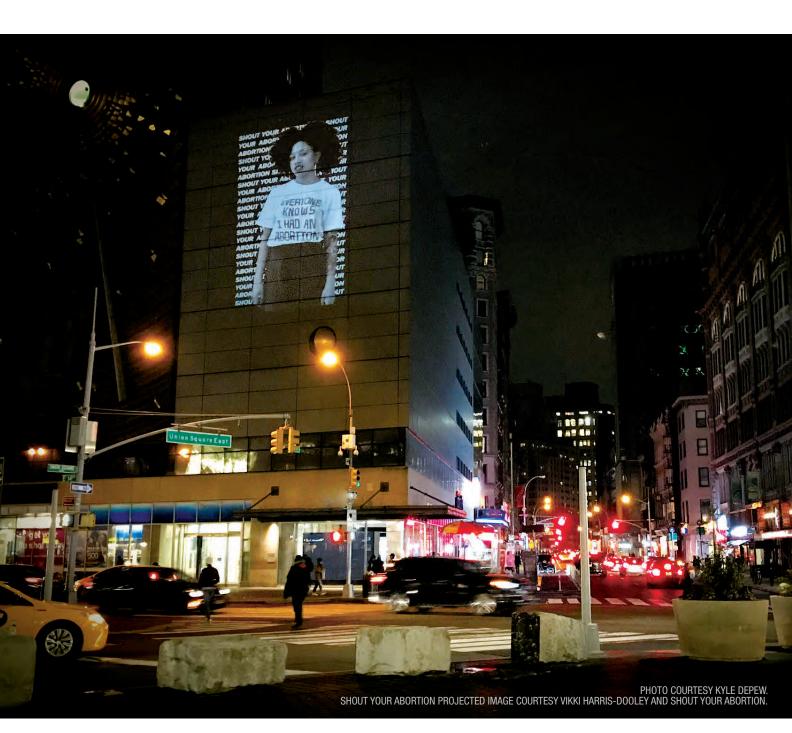
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t's nearly 11 p.m. on January 21, 2018, when my phone's screen illuminates with a new iMessage notification. Out of the blue, the first photographer I ever posed nude for, Kyle Depew, has sent me two images. Based in New York City, Kyle has access to tons of cultural events in real time—events like the multimedia installations for Shout Your Abortion (SYA), the reproductive justice collective I collaborate with. This particular time around, portraits of me shot by my mother a few months earlier have been converted to monotone and projected alongside the proclamation, "Abortion Is Normal." In the images, I am stoic and wearing the signature SYA T-shirt reading, "EVERYONE KNOWS I HAD AN ABORTION." And it's true; by this time my abortion story has been shared in the form of a brief video anecdote across social media thousands of times as part

of Shout Your Abortion's website and YouTube channel. The video was the first of many campaigns since #ShoutYourAbortion began in 2015 by Amelia Bonow in her efforts to shift the dialogue about abortion from stigmatized to normalized by sharing accounts of abortion experiences from womxn all over the country and the world. Now, in 2018, it's the 45th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*—the landmark U.S. Supreme Court decision that legalized American abortions—and my portraits, as shown by Kyle's quick snaps, have been displayed front and center in Union Square in New York City. I zoomed in to confirm: My image—a Black bisexual sex worker—was being displayed as an advocate of reproductive justice in one of the busiest intersections in one of the biggest cities in the world. I needed a moment to pick my jaw off the ground.



Flashback five years earlier: I was barely 21. My modeling and performance career was finally gaining traction, although I was only devoting a quarter of my time to photoshoots and promotion. I was knee deep in the third of five years at Drexel University, studying for my undergraduate English literature degree and commanding my college's literary and arts magazine as editor in chief. I was a five-foot-four Black femme Clark Kent-Superman dynamo—quickly capable of shedding a sweet, nerdy exterior for the sassy, confident and sexually liberated core I could shamelessly exude online. Non-school days and nights were little more than blurs and speed bumps, lost in a mesmerizing collage of go-go dancing in Philly dive bars, burlesque performances, work as a masturbation booth girl at a derelict strip club and sex toy shop in Southern New Jersey and nude photoshoots—some erotic, some fetish-based, but mostly artistic. Whatever holes existed in my

the day along at the hospital. Other than the crushing disappointment at my new status as a statistic, I felt relieved that there wasn't anything seriously wrong with me. But I cried like I'd just been told some obscure and vicious cancer was dissolving my brain stem. My business casual attire felt at once like a cage and a shield. I vividly recall my doctor, an Indian woman not much older than me, hugging me tightly and saying it was going to be all right. Her perfume smelled like fresh lavender, and I wondered if she wore it because of the soothing nature of the flower and its scent. I remember the shock of calling my mother and the numbness I felt as I prepared for her to berate me, disown me even. Thankfully she did neither and consoled me as best she could given our distance. "Come home," she cooed. "You'll be all right once you know what you want to do."

"I know what I want to do. There's no way I'm having a fucking

45 YEARS POST-ROE V. WADE, THE REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS MOVEMENT IS SLOWLY BEING FORCED BACK TO THE SAME DRAWING BOARD FROM WHICH IT SPRANG IN 1973, SCRAMBLING TO HOLD ON TO THE FEW PIECES OF PROGRESS WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO SALVAGE.

21-year-old life could be paved by one of two things: glitter or tequila. My Bambi eyes were always set on the next project, the next party, the next move—I didn't know what it meant to be present, to be tethered to anyone or anything. Save for my ex-dormmate turned best friend Kaycee, my mom and a few mutual acquaintances, I trusted no one with my innermost self and was ready to kick in the teeth of anyone who displayed cause for a good beatdown. There was far too much punk music and budding activist rage in my blood.

That's what made the morning after fucking Alex* so strange. I couldn't explain why I felt so weird about it. He hadn't coerced or forced me into anything. But it had felt too personal, too intimate—and he'd also taken the condom off without mentioning it in the middle of us having sex. I didn't think twice about it once his brown tattooed form bicycled out of view on his little silver fixed-gear that balmy Sunday afternoon. The next day I got Plan B and blocked his number.

Not long thereafter, the stress of juggling my ridiculously busy social and scholastic lives pushed me off the tightrope I'd been tiptoeing, so at 21 I experienced my first panic attack. Shocks of tension rocked my chest. I could barely breathe. My heart rate was erratic and thunderous for hours as I sat through a revolving door of school-imposed internship interviews in between studying for that quarter's finals. So this is what death feels like, I thought melodramatically as I sat in my assigned examination room hours after my last interview that particular day.

The staff at Thomas Jefferson Hospital was kind to me and ran every test they could think of, including a CAT scan—which required a pregnancy test. Had I not dragged my ass to the hospital for the embarrassing diagnosis of, "Well, it's not a heart attack," it would've been weeks before I discovered I was pregnant. I was barely four weeks to

baby." The edge softened as I listened to my mom's soothing voice and jokes all the way back home.

This is where my particular experience with abortion stops being unique. I was lucky. I lived in Philadelphia, where access to Planned Parenthood was easy and scheduling my abortion was like making any other appointment. My mother and best friends supported me. After dipping into some textbook and supplies savings, I could afford the procedure—although I did delay my appointment by showing up two hours late accidentally (nothing like pregnancy grogginess to convince you 12 p.m. is 2 p.m. when you're writing info quickly). I only missed a day of class after choosing to have a pill abortion in the comfort of my own adolescent bedroom at my mom's home.

But even with all the support I had in making my choice, a dark cloud hung over me. It was the notion that I should feel bad or, worse yet, worthless—that getting pregnant in the first place was already a severe fuck-up, but choosing to terminate the pregnancy was also a cruel and immoral flaw. This was purely society's influence. I do not now and did not at the time regret my decision. But the modern reproductive rights movement frequently forgets or ignores the stories that are not like mine. The stories of sheer agony and horror that accompany the pain of claiming ownership over the fledgling lives now hanging in the balance—both yours and the developing fetus within—and what should become of each. My choice was simple, and yet we hardly hear from the women and girls whose stories aren't unless they've been sensationalized alongside other topics, such as immigration, the prevalence of rape culture, kidnapping or human trafficking—the very extreme cases that can't be dismissed and undignified. >>

Fast-forward back to the semi-surrealist present, where 45 years post-Roe v. Wade, the reproductive rights movement is slowly being forced back to the same drawing board from which it sprang in 1973, scrambling to hold on to the few pieces of progress we've been able to salvage. The closet fascist Donald J. Trump has become the only sitting President to directly address and even applaud the March for Life, the nation's oldest and most fervent antiabortion rally. This came on the same platter as the announcement from the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services presenting a new regulation that will safeguard healthcare providers' civil rights based on "religious and conscience objections," basically defending a healthcare worker's right to decline providing an abortion on these grounds. I consider the ways the doctor comforted me when I found out I was pregnant, the way I was treated by the staff at Planned Parenthood—who had enabled my abortion by providing me with both doses of mifepristone and misoprostol and who examined me a short while later to confirm the success of the termination. Some of them had genuinely been indifferent toward me; I was probably the 60th patient of the day. But I remember the doctor who'd provided the first dose, the mifepristone. He'd been a middle-aged Black man, jovial and informative. There is no doubt in my bones that he was glad to be helping his patients, and yet it is entirely possible

toward the end of the second wave of the feminist movement. Encouraged by the desire for globalism in human rights and excluded by their white peers, Black feminists developed the phrasing and strategies of resistance for the reproductive justice movement. Through community-oriented action, Black feminists demanded our stories be told, offering accounts of the lack of access to basic healthcare and reproductive options. By attributing reproductive rights under the umbrella of human rights, Black activists succeeded in establishing a universal level of significance, empathy and support for reproductive health access. But this history has long been lost to whitewashed reiterations, the terminology and actions co-opted in the name of and solely to support the modern mainstream feminist movement.

So while I can salute the efforts of the mainstream (read *white*) feminist movement, I also understand and emphasize the reality: Feminists can and should do better. I am not a part of mainstream feminism's reproductive rights movement; I am, however, a steadfast advocate for the reproductive justice movement. If we want to actually propagate progress versus constantly defending the small percentage of rights currently afforded us, we'll need white feminists to relinquish their notions of entitlement over the entire reproductive justice movement. We'll need to transition from excluding the most marginalized groups

WE'LL NEED TO TRANSITION FROM EXCLUDING THE MOST MARGINALIZED GROUPS TO FULL INCLUSION OF MARGINALIZED GROUPS AND ALL OF OUR IDEAS WITHOUT PATRONIZING OR TOKENIZING ANY GROUP.

that he was a lifelong Christian in fervent opposition to acting as a conduit for termination services. It's unlikely though, given the progressive culture in Philadelphia. In fact, the local Planned Parenthood lies in a modern, stucco structure smack in the center of the Gayborhood.

Fewer moments in my life have been more bittersweet than choosing not to participate in the 2018 Women's March, which fell on the weekend prior to Roe v. Wade's anniversary. Womxn's reproductive justice correlates with the feminist movement's aim for womxn's autonomy, socioeconomic equity and an end to systemic racialized and gendered discrimination. And yet the feminists organizing the march were predominantly white, American, cisgendered, able-bodied, non-sex workers-excluding some of the most vulnerable groups of womxn disproportionately affected by the very issues they seek to end. Seeing a sea of folks rocking Pepto-Bismol pink, vulva-shaped hats and signs about "Pussy Power" doesn't empower or inspire me to lend my time, influence or talent to any public action. It almost feels insulting to see these marches occur when few of the organizers or speakers are trans-women, womxn of color, immigrants—undocumented or not or disabled womxn. The insult grows in intensity when I consider the source of why we now more often refer to the reproductive justice movement as the reproductive rights movement. This transition was a direct influence and co-opt from the work Black feminists were doing

to full inclusion of marginalized groups and all of our ideas without patronizing or tokenizing any group. As it stands, co-opting terminology is not getting policy developed; co-opting terminology is not devising better arguments to persuade the moderates on the right to start getting behind our aims and preventing further pockets of conservatism from developing in this new generation; and co-opting terminology is not improving the conditions or facilities that poor, immigrant, nonwhite and/or disabled womxn must utilize when faced with making choices regarding their own reproductive health.

Technology affords me the ability to engage in conscious action or advocacy at any moment and instantly share it on an international scale. That is what makes the appeal of Shout Your Abortion an ideal platform to share advocacy work. The collective is decentralized, autonomous and collaborative, artistic activism—real-time multimedia and tangible conversations aimed to reorient the ongoing dialogue about abortions, everything from the policies to the actual experiences. While a great deal of the work is digital, it's important to note that SYA has hosted many events in cities around the country in conjunction with the social media promotions. Activism in the age of the internet isn't limited to hostile rallies and marches in the streets.

Five years after my own abortion, I'm not only proud but insanely honored to hear that I've been invited to contribute a new project for



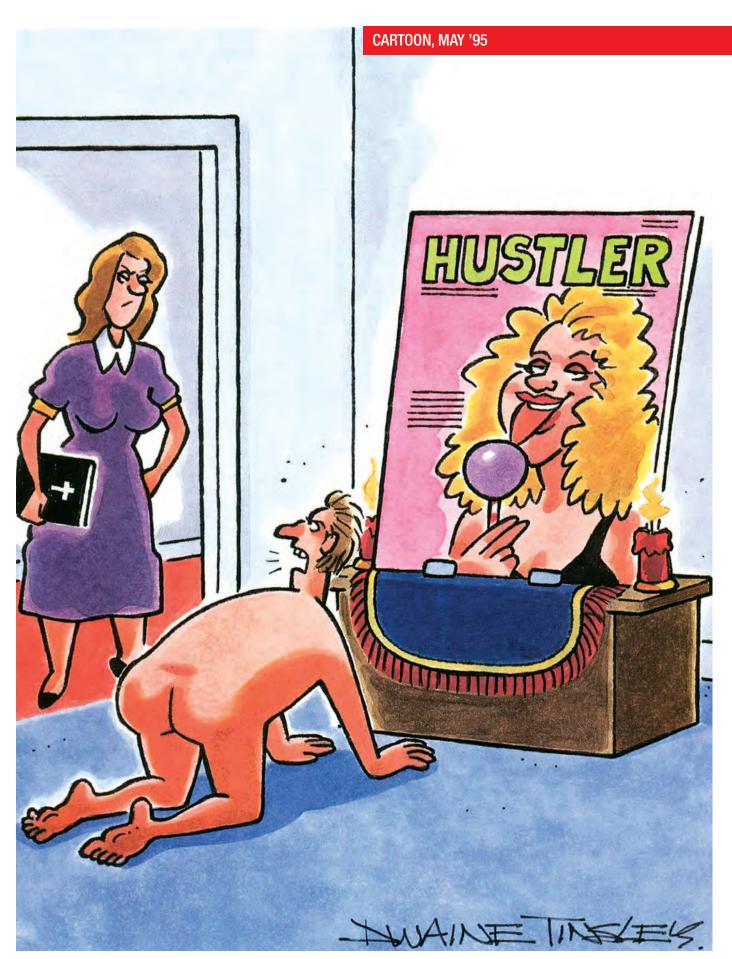
Shout Your Abortion to commemorate the 45th Anniversary of *Roe* v. Wade. Since words are my favorite weapon, I have decided that I will write to directly attack and unpack the slut-shaming stigma associated with undergoing an abortion—a response to myself at the time of my abortion in the summer of 2012. I rarely think about it now, but a very insecure moment on my path to the termination was feeling conflicted about my sexual desires and appetite. I felt somehow that I was deserving of the punishment of wanting to abort the would-be child because this is why it was "bad" to be a "slut." Again, this is purely societal conditioning, the static that womxn must constantly block to enjoy our lives. For my latest Shout Your Abortion piece, I'll bend the barrier between the concepts of the "whore" and the "virgin/ mother," to remind myself and others that womxn aren't just our wombs. We aren't just chasms in which men can bury themselves for pleasure. We deserve a full life, any sex drive we choose and the full and dynamic range of experiences possible in a healthy life. We are infinite and should be shown compassion, respect and love. Our bodies are not prisons for our souls, and no government or religion can tell us otherwise.

Follow Jessa Jordan @MissJessaJordan, and go to ShoutYourAbortion.com to participate and donate today.



"With hard work, a little bit of luck and the right sex and skin color—you can do anything."





"Yeah, well, you worship your way—I'll worship my way!"

























HUNDER HUNDE



There were two statues in a park, one depicting a nude man and the other a nude woman. They had been facing each other across a pathway for 100 years when one day an angel came down from the sky and brought the two statues to life. The angel told them, "As a reward for enduring a multitude of blazing summers and dismal winters, you have been given life for 30 minutes to do whatever you wish."

The man looked at the woman, she looked at him, and they went running behind some shrubbery. The angel bided his time as the bushes rustled and giggling ensued. Fifteen minutes later the naked couple returned, out of breath and laughing. The angel said, "You still have 15 minutes left to do whatever you wish."

The man asked the woman, "Shall we do it again?"

She eagerly replied, "Oh, yes, but let's change positions. This time I'll hold the pigeon down and you shit on its head."

Question: What do you call a guy who doesn't like having his dick sucked?

Answer: Dead.

A married couple were at home watching TV one night. Phil had the remote and was switching back and forth between a fishing channel and a porn channel.

Mary became more and more annoyed. Finally she muttered, "For God's sake, Phil, leave it on the porn channel. You know how to fish!"

Question: What happened when a lonely bachelor took out a classified ad reading "Wife Wanted"?

Answer: The next day he received more than 200,000 responses saying "Take mine!"

Two elderly women met up at the bingo hall. "You're late this week, Betty," one said to the other. "Did you come on the bus?"

"Yes," Betty owned up, giggling. "But I managed to pass it off as a seizure."

A married man returned a day early from a business trip. While en route from the airport in a taxi, he told the driver, "I think that my wife is having an affair, and I want to catch her in the act. I'll pay you an extra \$100 if you'll be my witness." The cabbie agreed.

Quietly arriving at his home around mid-



night, the suspicious businessman tiptoed into the bedroom. He switched on the light, yanked the blanket back, and there was his wife, stark naked, with her lover.

The husband pointed a gun at the naked guy's head, and the wife shouted, "Don't shoot him, dear! I lied when I told you I inherited all that money. He paid for the Porsche I gave you. He paid for your new fishing boat. He paid for your Packers season tickets. He paid for our cabin at the lake. He paid for our country club membership and the monthly dues, and he paid for your golf trip to St Andrews."

Shaking his head, the husband lowered the gun. He looked at the cabbie in the doorway and muttered, "What would you do?"

The cabbie replied, "I'd cover him with that blanket before he catches a cold."

Jennifer went into a pet store and spotted a parrot on sale for \$25. "Why is this parrot so cheap?" she asked the shopkeeper.

"Look, lady," he said. "I'll level with you. This bird used to live in a whorehouse, and sometimes it says some pretty vulgar stuff."

Jennifer decided to buy it anyway. She took the parrot home and hung the birdcage in the living room. The bird looked around for a couple of minutes, then snapped, "New house, fucking new madam!" Jennifer was a bit shocked, but figured it wasn't so bad.

An hour later her teenage daughters returned from school. The parrot saw them and chirped, "New house, fucking new madam, fucking new girls." Jennifer explained the situation, and she and the girls all had a good laugh.

When her husband came home from work, Jennifer excitedly ushered him into the living room. The parrot looked at him and cackled, "Oh, hi, Bob!"

Question: What does it mean when a man remembers the color of a woman's eyes after their first date?

Answer: She had small tits.

A blonde dropped off a skirt at the cleaners.

On her way out the door the lady at the counter said, "Come again."

The blonde looked back and said, "No, it was toothpaste this time."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, send it to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!



...and if you think that's funny...

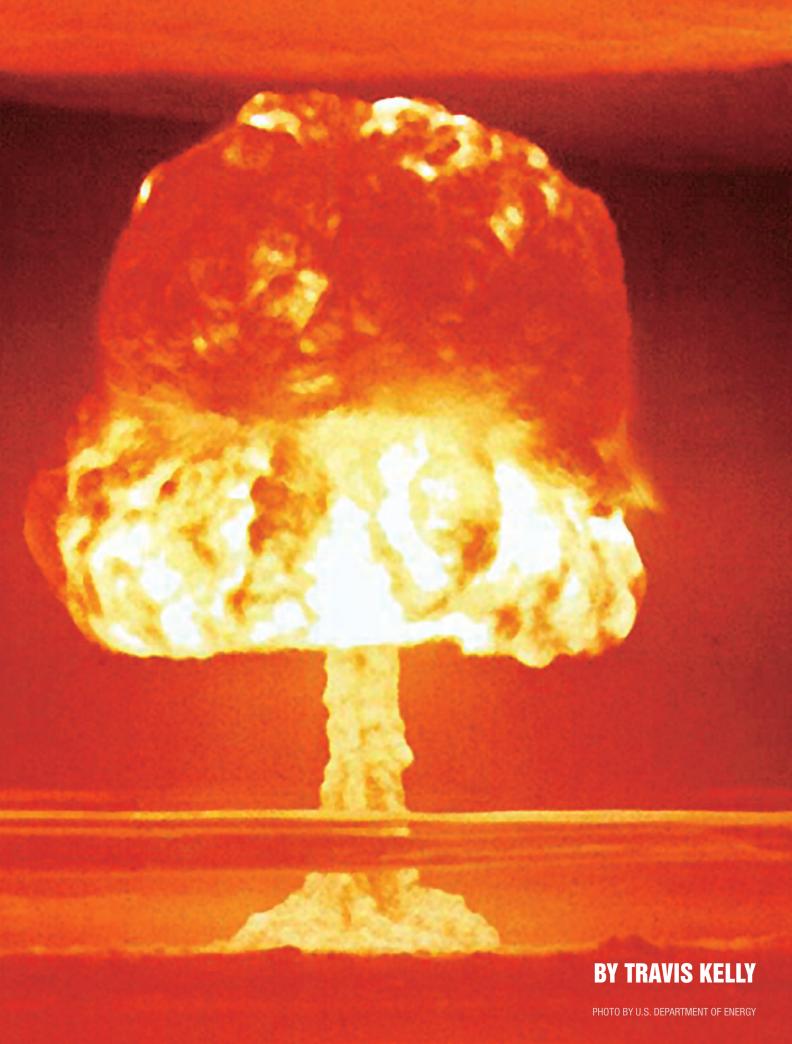


"I'm trying to understand and accept your bisexuality, Tammy, but I'm not stupid!"

WORLD WAR III OOPS, GAME OVER

LAST JANUARY HAWAII'S 1.5 MILLION CITIZENS WERE PANICKED BY A DOOMSDAY ALERT BROADCAST ON THEIR PHONES, TVS AND RADIOS: "BALLISTIC MISSILE THREAT INBOUND TO HAWAII. SEEK IMMEDIATE SHELTER. THIS IS NOT A DRILL." WITH TENSIONS OVER NORTH KOREA'S NUCLEAR MISSILE TESTS AT A FEVER PITCH, MOST ASSUMED THE INCOMING MISSILES WERE NUCLEAR TIPPED. SOBBING PEOPLE SPRINTED OUT OF BUILDINGS THEY FEARED WOULD CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND. FATHERS AND MOTHERS STRUGGLED TO DECIDE BETWEEN PICKING LITTLE JOEY UP FROM SOCCER PRACTICE OR AMY FROM THE SWIM MEET. THE RELIGIOUS DROPPED TO THEIR KNEES AND PRAYED. OTHERS FRANTICALLY GOOGLED FOR INFO—WHAT WAS THE EMERGENCY PLAN FOR SUCH A CATASTROPHE? WHERE DO WE GO? WHAT DO WE DO? FIND A FALLOUT SHELTER OR SPEND OUR LAST MINUTES FUCKING?

OVER HALF AN HOUR PASSED BEFORE THE SECOND ALERT WENT OUT, CANCELING THE FIRST ONE. THE BUTTON HAD BEEN PUSHED BY A TECHNICIAN WHO BELIEVED AN ATTACK WAS IMMINENT. IT TOOK 38 LONG MINUTES TO RESCIND THE WARNING THROUGH THE EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM. HAWAII'S GOVERNOR, DAVID IGE, WAS INITIALLY UNABLE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC OF THE MISTAKE BECAUSE HE HAD FORGOTTEN HIS TWITTER PASSWORD.



wenty-five years after the end of the Cold War, thousands of MIRV (multiple independently targetable reentry vehicle) missiles remain on hair-trigger alert worldwide, ready to "launch on warning" by order of any leader with a nuclear arsenal: Trump, Putin, Kim Jong-un, Xi Jinping, Ram Nath Kovind, Mamnoon Hussain, Netanyahu...or maybe some Dr. Strangelove hacker who just wants to end it all. And the truly insane kicker: There exists *no possibility of recall* for most of these weapons. Once launched, it's all over.

Considering all this, the Hawaii incident was not really a false alert. It was a wake-up call to remind us that we're still sitting on a rotten old powder keg, but now we're insanely stuffing it to the staves with brand-new and improved nukes. A new Cold War shows every sign of getting hot soon. The old Cold War taught us a hard lesson, but it's one we're quickly forgetting.

We've come damn close to slipping over the cliff edge and blowing up the world several times: In 1983 a radar screen in a missile command center outside of Moscow lit up, indicating five American Minuteman missiles soaring toward the Soviet Union. The duty officer, Stanislav Petrov, recalls, "The siren howled, but I just sat there for a few seconds, staring at the big, back-lit, red screen with the word *launch* on it. All I had to do was to reach for the phone to raise the direct line to our top commanders."

The urgency to launch a retaliatory strike before the enemy's missiles destroy your own is almost irresistible: Use 'em or lose 'em. The window of opportunity is narrow, perhaps 10 to 15 minutes. With President Reagan then publicly declaring the USSR an "evil empire," top Soviet leaders seriously worried that the Gipper was planning a first strike—and here it was. Fortunately for us all, Petrov correctly guessed that it was a malfunction in the early warning system. Sun rays reflecting from cloud tops, recorded by a Soviet satellite, had caused the phantom missiles.

Three years earlier a networked computer system buried below the Pentagon, NORAD's Cheyenne Mountain command center and Site R in Raven Rock Mountain sounded the alarm: Soviet submarines had launched 2,200 missiles toward the U.S.! Bomber crews scrambled, and missile officers removed their launch keys from safes, ready for instant retaliation. Again, cooler heads prevailed, guessing that it was possibly a false alarm. The error was later determined to have been caused by a defective 46-cent computer chip. Other false alarms during the Cold War were caused by the mistaken insertion of a realistic training tape simulating an all-out Soviet assault, a Norwegian weather rocket, a solar storm and a faulty AT&T telephone switch.

In 1961 a B-52 bomber suffering mechanical problems accidentally dropped two hydrogen bombs near Goldsboro, North Carolina. A single low-voltage switch prevented detonation. In 2007 six nuclear-tipped cruise missiles were mistakenly loaded onto a B-52 bomber, which was then flown cross-country and left unguarded on the tarmac for a staggering 36 hours before the error was discovered.

We've been very lucky in avoiding catastrophe so far, but how long will this luck hold out? Former Secretary of Defense William Perry states, "The problem of starting a war by mistake is prob-

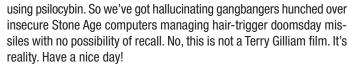
THE URGENCY TO LAUNCH A RETALIATORY
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IS NARROW, PERHAPS 10
TO 15 MINUTES.

ably more—greater today than it was during the Cold War because the things that can cause a false alert are not just a single person making the wrong judgment. It's not just a machine here. Now we have the possibility of malicious hacking into the system either by a malevolent individual or by an unfriendly government."

In his book and documentary film *Command and Control*, Eric Schlosser catalogs the vulnerability of nuclear arsenals today as we "contend with threats that barely existed during the Cold War: malware, spyware, worms, bugs, viruses, corrupted firmware, logic bombs, Trojan horses," and thoroughly obsolete computer systems controlling some of our missiles. The Royal Navy's ballistic missile subs are controlled by Windows XP—discontinued and without security patch updates since 2014. Journalists allowed into Minuteman silos have found a blast door propped open with a crowbar and a floppy-disk IBM Series/1 computer from 1976 being used to receive Emergency Action Messages (EAM) from the President. Your first flip phone was more powerful and secure.

A report by the Defense Science Board in 2013 concluded that the Pentagon's computer networks were increasingly using foreign parts, that Red teams (simulating a hostile hacker) had been able to penetrate and disrupt the systems with "relative ease," and that the "complexity of modern software and hardware makes it difficult, if not impossible, to develop components without flaws or to detect malicious insertions."

Worse, many of the underground troglodytes manning these silos are essentially bored and demoralized mall guards. In the past five years Minuteman watch officers have been caught cheating on proficiency exams; three officers at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana were canned for using ecstasy, cocaine and amphetamines; and one officer at Minot Air Force Base in North Dakota was sentenced to 25 years



The military brass assures us that infallible safeguards are in place to prevent a single deranged General Ripper from launching a missile: The nuclear strike cannot be initiated without codes supplied from the President, and four switches have to be turned by four hands to initiate the launch. That's our protocol, but who knows what safeguards pertain to the nuclear arsenals of other countries?

If a decapitating first strike was successful—meaning the obliteration of Moscow or Washington, with all command-and-control functions—would an all-out nuclear war then be avoidable? No. Because both powers have "Dead Hand" technology, guaranteeing retaliation even with a brain-dead capital. The Russians got there first with the Perimeter system: In the event the Soviets were attacked, special communication missiles in Siberia or elsewhere would soar, broadcasting launch orders to all surviving missile bases, bombers and subs worldwide. The "Dead Hand" system is allegedly still active in Russia. The U.S. responded with the AN/DRC-8 Emergency Rocket Communications System, since abandoned in favor of satellites providing the same capability. The doomsday device portrayed in *Dr. Strangelove*, it turns out, was no mere fantasy.

William Perry and other defense pundits advocate further restrictions on the President's sole decision to launch nukes. Missiles launched from Russia or North Korea would give the President about 20 minutes to decide on a retaliatory strike—or as little as five minutes if the missiles were launched from subs near our coasts. He would hopefully consult with officers of the U.S. Strategic Command and other aides who might be present or reachable, but he's under no legal obligation to seek consent from Congress or the Joint Chiefs of Staff before initiating nuclear Armageddon.

Perry also suggests that land-based ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles) should be eradicated, and we can rely solely on mobile subs and bombers as a deterrent. They aren't as vulnerable to the "use 'em or lose 'em" and "launch-on-warning" urgency governing fixed-site missiles. A protocol requiring launch approval from a second person beyond the President would deter an impulsive or unbalanced leader, but would it be feasible if sub-launched missiles were only five minutes from impact? And in the event of a widespread cyber attack knocking out communications, could the two decision makers even be hooked up?

Newt Gingrich offers another reliably wacko solution after Hawaii: reviving the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), derisively nicknamed Star Wars. We need to spend billions and billions, he tells us, on a complex, sprawling ABM (anti-ballistic missile) system that may or may not work—except as another enriching boondoggle for Lockheed Martin, Raytheon and company.

Perry's suggestions may enhance American security to some degree, but they ignore a fundamental problem: We are the big gorilla in the nuclear jungle, but we are not alone; we control only part of it. Even if every stringent new safeguard we can think of were adopted in Washington, what guarantee is there that Moscow, Beijing and Pyongyang would follow suit? We may come up with the most impregnable computer network and the most conscientious personnel possible, but God only knows what relatively primitive system is employed by Islamabad. Even a limited nuclear exchange—between India and Pakistan, for instance—would not spare the rest of us. Weather patterns >>>



guarantee that radioactive fallout would be an enduring global problem.

Some of our strategic geniuses are perfectly comfortable with this status quo, as long as it's enhanced by a lot of new spending and upgrades. An editorial in The Washington Post by defense guru Peter Zimmerman argued that nukes are good because they've deterred conventional war between the major powers since WWII. "The planet would be safer with far fewer nuclear weapons but more dangerous with none," Zimmerman claims, "and there is no way to prove that all such weapons have been eliminated." He assumes that this failure to escalate will continue forever, even in an age of accelerating overpopulation, climate degradation and resource competition. He assumes that our phenomenal streak of luck in averting false-alert meltdowns will continue forever as well. And he ignores the increasing vulnerabilities of cyber warfare. He might as well argue that equipping all citizens with mandatory handguns will deter conventional bar brawls. Maybe, for a while. But if a single drunk ever pulls the trigger, a wholesale massacre would likely ensue.

Given all the problems outlined above, it should be clear that if we are serious about reducing the monstrous risks of radioactive catastrophe, as we must be, there really is no alternative to complete abolition of the estimated 15,000 nuclear weapons existing today. The entire world recognized this reality in 1968, when the landmark Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty was adopted by the U.N. It was renewed in 1995 and now has 191 nations as signatories. (Only India, Pakistan, Israel and South Sudan never signed the treaty. North Korea withdrew from the treaty in 2003.) The nuclear powers have made this pledge to all the non-nuclear nations: In return for not joining the nuclear club, the Big Boys will gradually wind down and eliminate their own arsenals. But the

nuclear powers have totally reneged on this pledge, and the United States, supposed leader of the free world, bears the lion's share of irresponsibility.

After Gorbachev voluntarily dismantled the Warsaw Pact, ending the Cold War with a Soviet defeat, we promised not to incorporate into NATO the other countries covered under that pact, namely Albania, Poland, Romania, Hungary, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria. Instead, NATO proceeded to engulf the former Soviet bloc countries, and in 2001 George W. Bush announced that the U.S. would withdraw from the 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty and adopt an aggressive new first-strike nuclear policy. Then in 2007 we announced plans to start building anti-missile defense bases in Poland, right on



Russia's doorstep, which forced Russia to maintain and upgrade its nuclear arsenal as a hedge against strategic encirclement.

Obama began his hopeful Presidency with a universally celebrated speech in Prague: "As the only nuclear power to have used a nuclear weapon, the United States has a moral responsibility to act.... So today I state clearly and with conviction America's commitment to seek the peace and security of a world without nuclear weapons." That was 2009. By the end of his second term he had succumbed to Washington's noisy flock of hawks and completely flipped, authorizing a whopping trillion-dollar plan to modernize our nuclear arsenal. The hegemonic neocons in both American parties seem hell-bent on world domination even if takes igniting WWIII.

The Russians' bet on Trump hasn't paid off either. He too has surrendered to the hawks, with a new Nuclear Posture Review (NPR) promising even more escalation, including a new class of "low-yield" nuclear warheads. Reportedly, he wants to showcase them down Pennsylvania Avenue in a multimillion-dollar military parade. These nuclear lite weapons will be easier to use, and the new NPR even advocates using them against non-nuclear strategic cyber/infrastructure attacks! This is a historic first in nuclear weapons policy. This massive upgrade of our nuclear weapons infrastructure will cost an estimated \$1.2 trillion over the next 30 years—if we survive that long.

"a level compatible with national survival and recovery." That's straight out of Dr. Strangelove, but unfortunately it's not a satire. Payne dismisses proposals for eliminating ICBMs and adopting a "no first use" policy for nuclear weapons as "naive proposals, suited to a benign world that does not exist and offered by activists who have yet to figure that out."

No, that "benign world" does not yet exist, but it is desirable, possible and absolutely necessary to prevent humanity from committing collective suicide. A galloping new nuclear arms race, combined with the vulnerabilities of cyber warfare, almost guarantee an accidental or deliberate blowout sooner or later. As journalist Eric Margolis advises, "Anyone

A GALLOPING NEW NUCLEAR ARMS RACE, COMBINED WITH THE VULNERABILITIES OF CYBER WARFARE, ALMOST **GUARANTEE AN ACCIDENTAL OR DELIBERATE BLOWOUT.**

Not everyone in the Pentagon is happy over this. Army, Navy and Air Force brass worry that all this money for nukes will be diverted to promote massive new funding initiatives at the expense of badly needed money for military readiness. One senior Army officer says the new nuke lite weapons provide Trump with "a kind of gateway drug for nuclear war." Kingston Reif, director of disarmament and threat reduction policy at the Arms Control Association, states, "If we were to put low-yield warheads on our submarine-launched missiles, as the NPR recommends, and actually fire them, how would the Russians actually know they were low-yield warheads? The answer is that they wouldn't-and they'd respond strategically. The truth is, even launching a ballistic missile is a huge escalation."

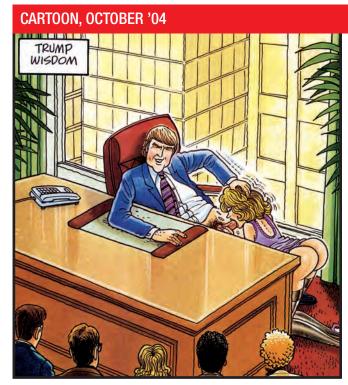
In response to this aggressive madness, Vladimir Putin announced in March that Russia is developing its own new nukes, including a new ICBM and a nuke-tipped cruise missile, and America's NPR mentions the possibility of a Russian underwater drone sub capable of carrying a 100-megaton warhead. All these developments are a stunning Uturn from disarmament, leading us straight back to the horrors of MAD—mutually assured destruction.

There is a ray of hope. In July 2017 the U.N. adopted the landmark Treaty on the Prohibition of Nuclear Weapons signed by 122 nations, calling for a "competent international authority or authorities to negotiate and verify the irreversible elimination of nuclear weapons programs," further stipulating that any "State Party that owns, possesses or controls nuclear weapons...shall immediately remove them from operational status" and "submit to the Secretary-General of the United Nations a declaration that it has fulfilled its obligations." Unfortunately, the major nuclear weapon players of the world—namely the U.S., Russia, U.K., France, China, India, Pakistan, Israel and North Korea—actually boycotted the U.N. assemblies and refused to sign the treaty.

Instead of listening to voices of sanity, Washington is enamored with madmen like Dr. Keith Payne, president of the hawkish think tank National Institute for Public Policy, who helped to author Trump's dangerous new NPR. In 1980, Payne penned an article in Foreign Policy arguing that the U.S. could "win" a nuclear war with the Soviet Union, with American casualties of "approximately 20 million people," which he described as

who thinks a nuclear war can be waged without permanently polluting our planet should be put under psychiatric care." That would include a sizable number of the crazed warlords infesting our nation's capital.

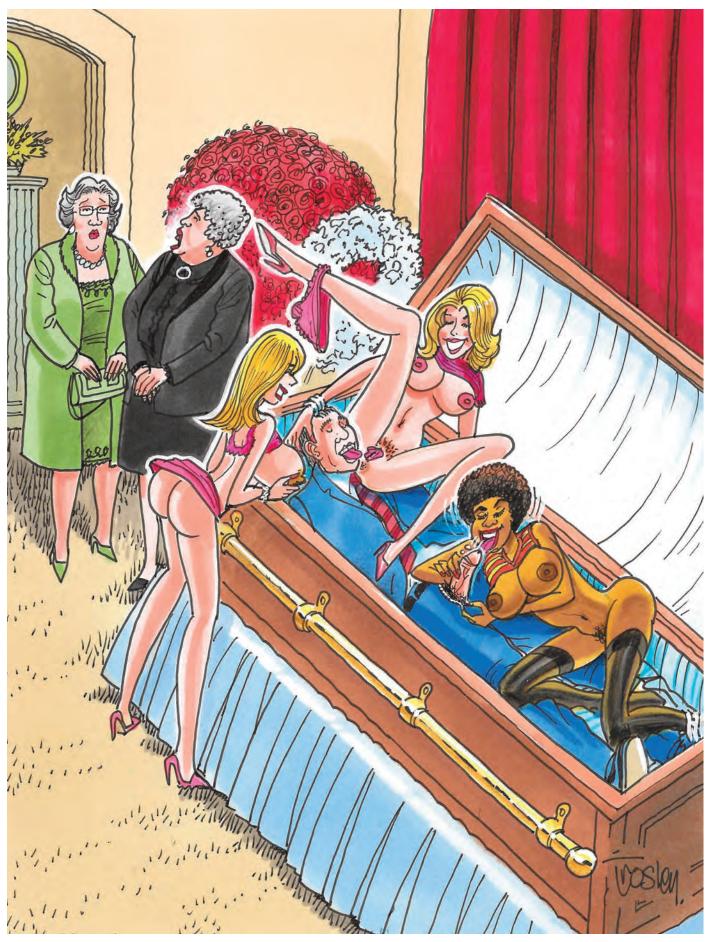
Ultimately, it will be up to American citizens to derail this locomotive, because our government is in the driver's seat. We need to ignore conservative psychopaths like Keith Payne and adopt more enlightened attitudes. Either we make the moral progress necessary to sustain life on Earth, or we continue on the long, sad historical path of barbarism until we wipe ourselves out. Let's choose wisely.



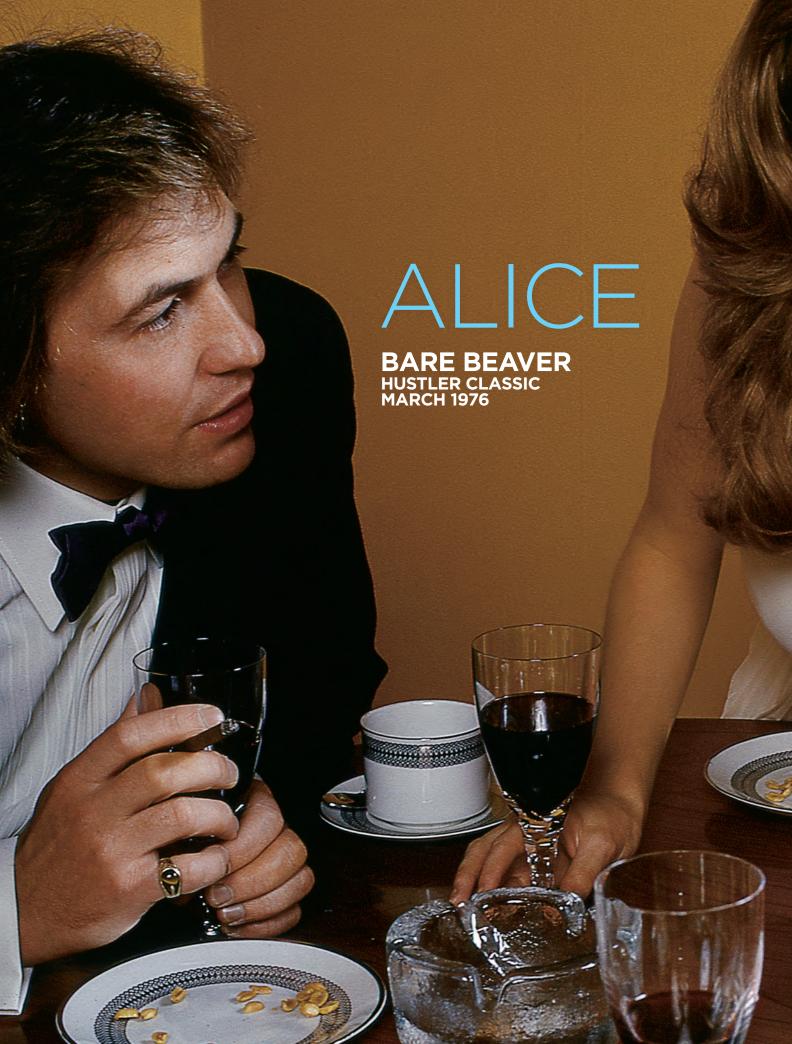
"Success isn't only measured in dollars. It's also measured in cocks, pussy and blowjobs!"







"Harry didn't want a funeral. He preplanned a celebration of his life!"









































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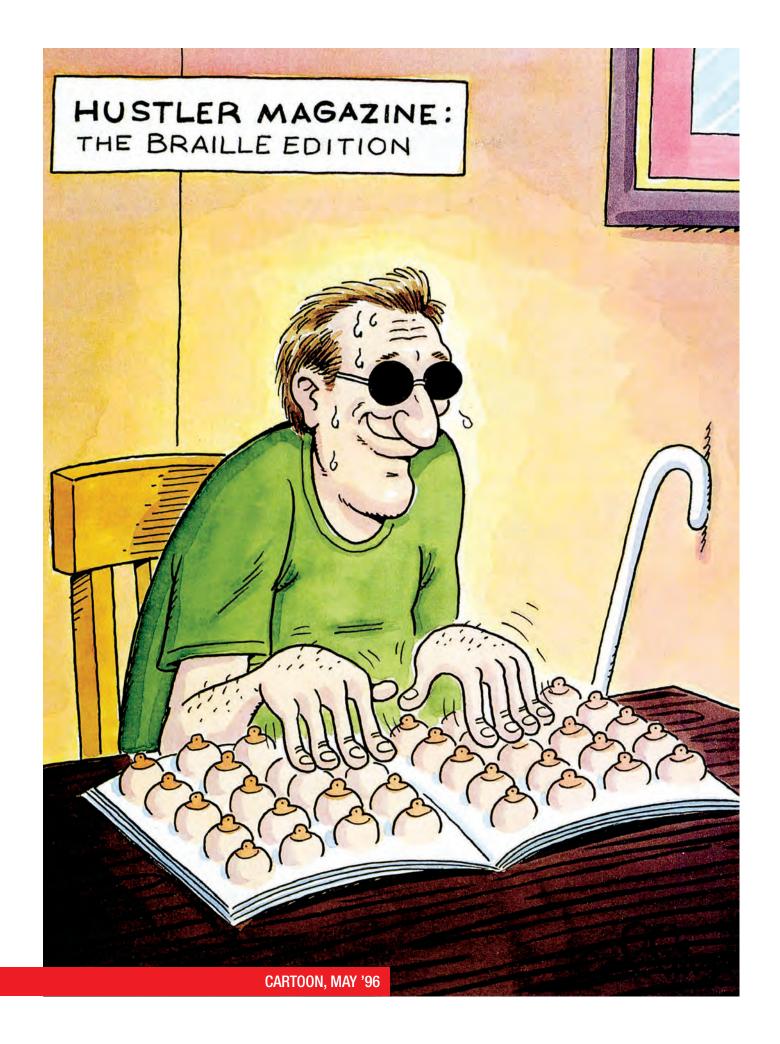






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BEAVERHUNT

VOTE FOR BEAVER OF THE YEAR!

Posing for a HUSTLER layout is the dream of every amateur model featured in our monthly roundup. So once again it's up to you, the readers, to decide which Beaver will return in a full-length nude pictorial shot by one of our ace photographers. We're presenting 15 standouts from the past year for your consideration, capped off by an official ballot to indicate your pick. "Good luck, ladies!" declares reigning Beaver of the Year Melody Wylde.



MORGAN LEIGH

ISSUE: Holiday '17 | HOMETOWN: Albuquerque, New Mexico | AGE: 23 | HEIGHT: 5-1 | OCCUPATION: Medical assistant | NAKED TRUTH: "I admire HUSTLER, and being in it—naked of course—has been my ultimate dream. A girl unwrapping her goodies is always a nice touch! I'm a straight woman who loves to be manhandled in the bedroom. But watch out! Sometimes I'll turn the tables when a guy least expects it and womanhandle him. Never a dull moment in my sex life, just a lot of X-rated ones!"

HANNAH FOXX

ISSUE: July '18 | HOMETOWN: McDonough, Georgia | AGE: 25
HEIGHT: 5-9 | OCCUPATION: Caregiver | NAKED TRUTH: "I'm a
sweet, bubbly Southern girl with a great sense of humor and
a heart of gold. I have a lot of military friends who, during
their tours, survived off of adult magazines because they
couldn't access other forms of porn. I want to give back what
I can to our brave servicemen. When it comes to sex, I love it
all. I'm seductive, passionate and truly bi. My fantasy is to meet
a stranger—service member, veteran or civilian—who first saw
me in HUSTLER and play out his or her sexual fantasies."



VOTE! **BEAVER OF THE YEAR**



MAGENTA PREX

ISSUE: **September '17**HOMETOWN: **Chicago, Illinois**AGE: **31** | HEIGHT: **5-6**

OCCUPATION: Sex educator and researcher | NAKED TRUTH: "I want to celebrate my youthful beauty as much as possible while I have it. Posing nude lets folks see me at my prime. At a Seattle sex club, about two dozen dudes formed a circle around me and wanked away while I was masturbating on my blankie. I'm a mutualist. I really get off when others are pleasured as well. I hope your readers are just as enthused when they see me in my birthday suit."



$\Delta V \Delta$

ISSUE: July '18 | HOMETOWN: Hallandale Beach, Florida | AGE: 24 | HEIGHT: 5-2 | OCCUPATION: Receptionist | NAKED TRUTH: "I'm an exhibitionist and an adrenaline junkie. I'll do almost anything that can give me a rush. My favorite pastimes are parasailing, jet-skiing, betting on horse races at Gulfstream Park and coming, coming and coming again. I hope everyone gets a good buzz seeing my wet pussy, bubble butt and all the rest!"







ISSUE: March '18 | HOMETOWN: Orlando, Florida
AGE: 20 | HEIGHT: 5-4 | OCCUPATION: College
student | NAKED TRUTH: "I'm all about
adventuring, whether it's outdoors or visiting
museums, exhibits, etc. I'm very curious. I love
writing, reading and watching documentaries.
I love seducing guys and girls till they're so
driven crazy that they need me. My hottest
fantasy is a gangbang. I want to be fucked in
all my holes. I want to be completely stuffed
full of dick! I appreciate everyone who's
taking the time to read this. If you weren't
a fan before, I hope you are now!"





TIARA TAE

ISSUE: February '18
HOMETOWN: Astoria, Oregon
AGE: 23 | HEIGHT: 6-0
OCCUPATION: Exotic
entertainer | NAKED TRUTH:
"I had fun dancing at Larry
Flynt's HUSTLER Club in
Las Vegas, and being naked
in his magazine is icing on

Las Vegas, and being naked in his magazine is icing on the cake. I love nudity, and I'm very comfortable with my body, so I don't mind others enjoying it. I'm very outgoing, adventurous, cheerful, charming and playful. I think giving and getting massages before sex is very sensual and a real turn-on, and I've been told many, many times that I'm amazing at giving head. I really get into it."

VOTE! **Beaver of the Year**



BERLIN

ISSUE: June '18 | HOMETOWN: Kapaa, Hawaii | AGE: 19
HEIGHT: 5-0 | OCCUPATION: Stable hand | NAKED TRUTH: "I
would be a nudist all the time if I could. One of my
favorite pastimes is dancing topless at beach drum
circles. I'm an open-minded free spirit, and I like to
show off my body. I love cock and coochie, and I've
always been amazed that a vagina is shaped like a
taco. I really enjoy getting eaten out, but I like
giving guys great head too."



RITZY

ISSUE: September '17 HOMETOWN: Austin, Texas AGE: **26** | HEIGHT: **5-3** OCCUPATION: Cosmetologist NAKED TRUTH: "I love being naked where it's risky. One time a guy fucked me in his car with the windows rolled down. People were walking by, and I was loud. It was so thrilling, I began looking for places to have sex besides on a bed. My favorite is being bent over the hood of a car. I'm always up for performing oral on a guy, fucking doggy-style and receiving a facial. My fantasy is to have sex with a guy I like a lot on a beach in Hawaii or Florida."



LISEY SWEET

ISSUE: October '17 | HOMETOWN: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27 | HEIGHT: 5-6 | OCCUPATION: Internet model

NAKED TRUTH: "It is an honor to appear in HUSTLER. I'm a
big Larry Flynt fan. He has defended the porn industry's

First Amendment rights like no one else. I'm extremely

seductive and aggressive. When I see it, I want it!

I'm bi with a preference for cock, and two cocks are
better than one! I love getting into all sorts of naughty
trouble. I hope my hot pictures make your cocks drip!"





AISHA SHAH

ISSUE: May '18 | HOMETOWN: South Lake Tahoe, California | AGE: 23 | HEIGHT: 5-4 | OCCUPATION: Legal courtesan | NAKED TRUTH: ""I feel empowered when I show my nude body to one person. Appearing in HUSTLER has magnified that feeling. I'm frank, cocky and always ready to please. I can be a bit aggressive when I'm intimate, but it's only so my partner and I can come to a drenching climax! Most of all, I love to be eaten out while a guy and I are 69ing. I'm a very tasty ex-pastry chef."







BRIDGET

ISSUE: April '18 | HOMETOWN: Eugene, Oregon | AGE: 32 HEIGHT: 5-5 OCCUPATION: Marijuana consultant | NAKED TRUTH: "I love being naked, especially when others can see me. Sharing is caring. When I'm high as fuck, I'm more openminded to trying new things I may have previously thought no way Jose to. I'm pretty sure I was stoned the first time I tried anal sex. I think everyone would get along much better if recreational marijuana was legalized in all 50 states."



JESSIE WYLDE

ISSUE: April '18 HOMETOWN: Gainesville. Florida | AGE: 18 HEIGHT: 5-6 OCCUPATION: Cam girl NAKED TRUTH: "I'm wild in bed, and I like it roughspanking, hair-pulling and choking really make sex funnnnner! I'm an adventurous jezebel. One of my fantasies is fucking a well-hung dude in the **Butterfly Rainforest at the** Florida Museum of Natural History. And I want to suck 2,018 dicks in 2018. I love getting on my knees and worshiping a penis with my mouth. I'm strong and motivated, but I have a sense of humor too. Maybe I'm just being tongue-in-cheek."







AURORA

ISSUE: Holiday '17 | HOMETOWN: Youngstown, Ohio | AGE: 26 HEIGHT: 5-1 | OCCUPATION: College student | NAKED TRUTH: "I hate wearing clothes, and I've always liked being in the spotlight. I'm comfortable in my own skin. I think I'm addicted to sex, and I'm very creative in bed. It's a major turn-on for me when a man takes what he wants and comes inside me, either vaginally or anally. I can only orgasm if I'm eaten out, so I'm still waiting on that first guy to work his magic while fucking me!"



MISTY MATRIX

ISSUE: September '17 | HOMETOWN: Mankato, Minnesota AGE: 21 | HEIGHT: 5-4 | OCCUPATION: Retail salesclerk | NAKED TRUTH: "I'm sweet, flirty, seductive and frisky. I love going down on men and learning positions that I've never tried before. But a lot of guys like doggy-style, which makes it my favorite. I've always wanted to give a pizza delivery guy a surprise threesome with me and another girl. I may not be your cup of tea, but I'll sure be your shot of whiskey!"





TIFFANY

ISSUE: September '17 | HOMETOWN: Sunrise, Florida
AGE: 26 | HEIGHT: 5-5 | OCCUPATION: Water park guide
NAKED TRUTH: "I love being naked; it's a natural high.
I love it even more when I get to turn on HUSTLER
readers. Yes, I'll admit it: I'm a big tease and flirt. I'm
straight, I like a good manhandling with a guy who
knows what the heck he's doing, and my fantasy
is to have sex on a raft in the middle of a lake."

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? For info on how to be a *Beaver Hunt* model, go to **HustlerMagazine.com/#!submit-photos** or send an email to BeaverHunt@LFP.com.

BEAVER OF THE YEAR OFFICIAL BALLOT

Vote for your favorite Beaver! Check one box only! The amateur model who garners the most votes will pose for a top-notch photographer and be paid \$1,500, plus travel expenses up to \$1,000. The winner's full-length layout will appear in an early 2019 issue of HUSTLER. Voting is restricted to one ballot per person.



	MORGAN LEIGH	
	HANNAH FOXX	
	MAGENTA PREX	
	AVA	
25	ANASTASIA ROSE	
	TIARA TAE	
1	BERLIN	
	RITZY	
	LISEY SWEET	
	AISHA SHAH	
	BRIDGET	
	JESSIE WYLDE	
1	AURORA	
(1)	MISTY MATRIX	
	TIFFANY	

VOTING OPTIONS! Mail your ballot (or photocopy) to HUSTLER, *Beaver of the Year Contest*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or email your pick to **BeaverHunt@LFP.com**. Only one ballot per envelope or email is permitted. Voters must be 18 years of age or older. Remember to include your name and hometown. Ballots must be postmarked or received electronically by 11:59 p.m. (PDT) on 8/6/18.

l Voter's Name .		

Voter's Hometown & State

THANKS FOR VOTING! Thanks for choosing HUSTLER and a special thanks to aspiring nude models everywhere!











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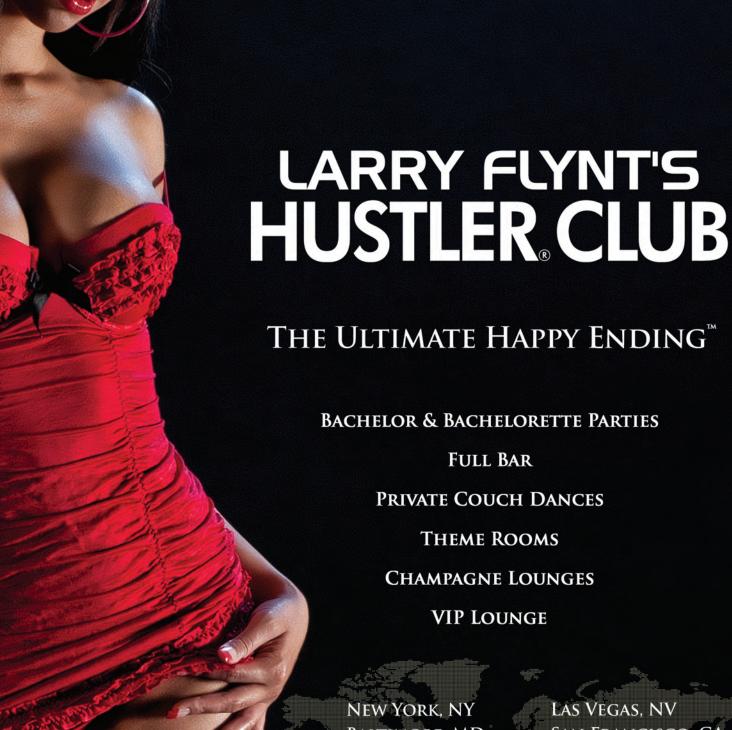
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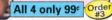


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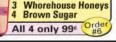
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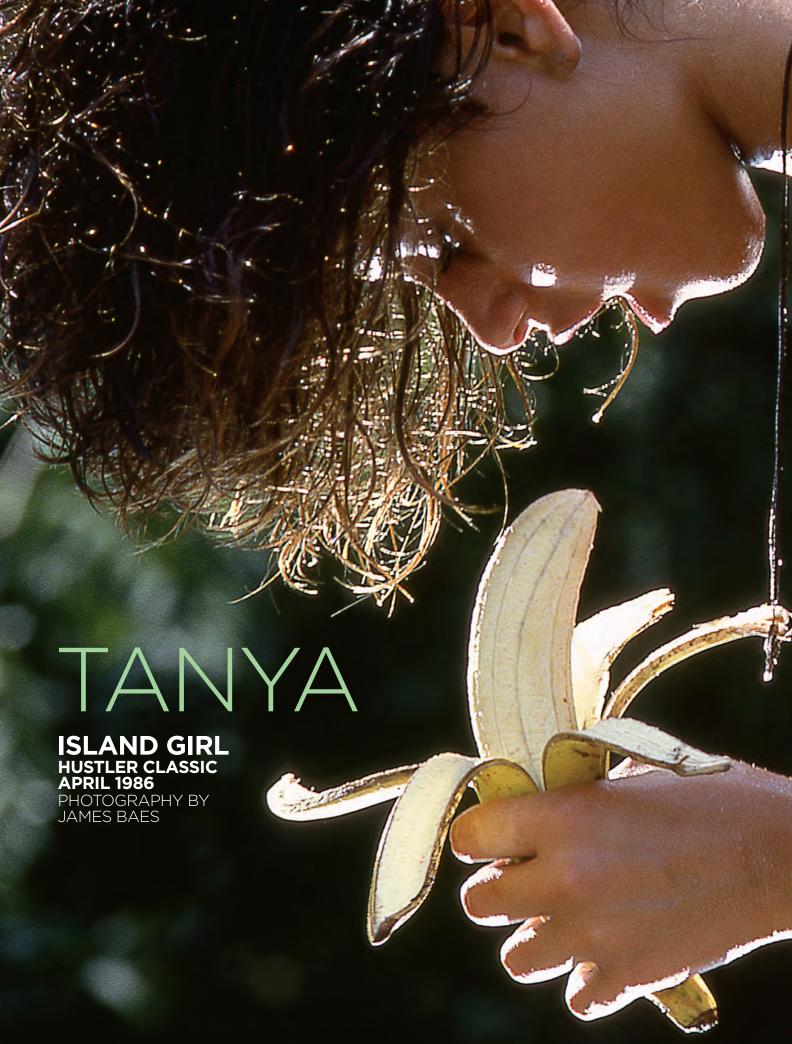
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MINORITY REPORTZ

Today a new wave of young humorists are adding diverse viewpoints to America's standup. They include more female voices, alternative sexual preferences and comedians with Indian, Afghan, Pakistani and Iranian backgrounds. Reporter Ed Rampell catches up with the multi-culti talents of the Minority Reportz.



Triple anal, blowbangs, pissboarding and epic gapes—is extreme sex in porn the new normal? It's definitely not vanilla fare and definitely not for the faint of heart. Five top performers weigh in on the undeniable popularity of this genre. In-depth interviews by John Blaylock. Photo courtesy Jules Jordan Video.



ME, MY WIFE & THE MAID

The very rich are different from you and me. For one, they can hire beautiful girls to dress up in skimpy frills. To clean house? Hell, no! These maids were made for threeways. Featuring four explicit trios, double BJs, slit service and more! Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.



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